

**An Essay on Man (Excerpt)  
by Alexander Pope**

X.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name:  
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree  
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.  
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,  
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:  
Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,  
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.  
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;  
All discord, harmony, not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good:  
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

Source: Alexander Pope, "An Essay on Man," 1733.