

Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

- 5 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.—POPE

SECTION XXI.

Confidence in Divine protection.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry soil,
 Made ev'ry region please ;
 The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.
- 4 Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How, with affrighted eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
 In ail its horrors rise !
- 5 Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
 And fear in ev'ry heart,
 When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.