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there any little interests of our own which we dare
et, in opposition to the pleasure of him who made
Fear ye not me, saith the Lord; will ye not tremble
my presence, who have placed the sand for the bound
of the sea, by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it's
stretch forth my hand over the earth, and none hin-
dereth.

At the same time, the power of a Creator is encourag-
ing, as well as awful. While it enforces duty, it in-
creases confidence under affliction. It brings to view a
Father, which imports tenderness and comfort; for it
suggests the compassion of a father. In the time of
tribulation, mankind are led by natural impulse, to fly for
refuge to Him, who knows the weakness of the frame
which he has made; who *remembers we are dust*; and
who is the dangers in which we are environed. "I am
the Lord, thy Maker; for thou hast made me: Forsake not the work of
mine own hands," is one of the most natural ejaculations
of the distressed mind—How blessed are the virtuous,
who can rest under the protection of that powerful arm
which made the earth and the heaven? The omni-
potence which renders God so awful, is to them a source
of joy. In the whole compass of nature, nothing is for-
midable to them, who firmly repose their trust in the
Author. To them every noxious power can be rendered
harmless; every threatened evil, if not averted, can be
transformed into good. In the Author of nature, they
find not only the author of their being; but their protec-
tor and defender, the lifter up of their heads. *Happy is*
that hath the God of Jacob for his help; whose hope is
in the Lord his God; which made heaven and earth, the
sea, and all that therein is; which keepeth truth for
ever.

II. The work of creation is the display of supreme
wisdom. It carries no character more conspicuous than
wisdom. If, from the structure and machanism of some of