The mountains are called to rejoice before the  
Lord when He comes to judge the earth. Ps. xcviii.  
8, 9. See also Ps. lxxii. 3, 16; cxlviii. 9; Isa. ii. 2;  
xliv. 23; Ezek. xxxvi. 8.  
  
 21. “And great hail, as it were of a talent weight, is descending  
out of the heaven upon men; and men blasphemed God because  
of the plague of the hail; for the plague thereof is exceeding  
great.”  
  
 The hail of the first trumpet, mixed with fire and  
blood, smote only *grass* and *trees*, and only the third of  
those. viii. 7. But this strikes *men*.  
 It is more dreadful than the plague on Egypt: for  
then the Egyptians removed both themselves and cattle  
under shelter of their houses: and the hail struck only  
such as abode in the field. Exod. ix. 18-21. But now  
God has deprived men of that shelter. The earthquake  
has laid men’s abodes in ruins: the moving mountains  
have driven men in terror to the open plains. There  
is no shelter there, as at the sixth seal. And now,  
when the haggard, troubled multitudes are left all exposed  
to the artillery of heaven, this awful hail-shower  
falls to kill and maim.  
 The size of the hailstones is prodigious: they are  
huge rugged masses of ice, concreted in the troubled  
atmosphere above. A talent in Greece was about 56  
pounds: a Jewish talent 114 pounds troy. This was  
the weight of the stones thrown by the Roman catapults  
against Jerusalem, as Josephus tells us. “Stones  
of the weight of a talent were thrown by the engines  
that were prepared for the purpose” (*Wars*, iii. vii. 9).  
 There is intelligence in the arrangement of these  
plagues. If the hail had come before the earthquake,  
the houses would have afforded protection, to some  
extent at least. But now the earthquake has buried  
thousands in the ruins of their houses, and the survivors