

display of superhuman powers. A miracle includes the special, powerful pushing up of natural agencies, and of other agencies together with and beyond them, which are not unnatural, but supernatural.

So the locusts were not picked up, nor did they hear the command of the Lord, and march back of their own free will, but there came a wind to carry them back. What wind? Precisely the wind which, according to the law of winds, might follow, namely: the reaction from that east wind, or, in other words, a wind from the *west*—the second great rock of the air after the thunderstorm—and it drove the locusts back to their hot home by the Red Sea. It is said: "The Lord turned a mighty strong West wind, which took away the locusts and cast them into the Red Sea."

But what else did that west wind bring? Did it not bring the ninth plague, that of the darkness? What does the west wind bring in Egypt now? Ride out from Cairo, west of the pyramids, and see! Beyond those pyramids stretch westward two thousand miles of sand, and sand in Egypt is the most pitiless and terrible ally of the wind. It hisses like an adder as it runs before the blast. It rises, wreathing itself into tall columns, shutting out the sun. Not only the larger particles are swept along like fine hail, but the finer particles also are disengaged and whirled aloft, an impalpable dust, which penetrates one's garments, and which the handkerchief at the face cannot entirely shut out from the nostrils. This fills the air. One cannot see the separate particles, but the whole air becomes thick and murky. The sun grows scarlet, then livid, then dull like blood, and finally is buried at midday without a cloud. Twilight overspreads the landscape. A slight specimen of such a storm I myself experienced on the Nile. For two days the palm trees on the bank of the river, two hundred yards distant, were blotted out. Dreary and ghastly beyond expression was that cloudless gloom at midday.* Intensify such a wind, and the result of it would be actual darkness. Literally, it would be a "darkness that might be felt." And was it not precisely this "darkness that might be felt" that became the ninth plague? It lasted, we are informed, three days, just as it would be likely to do. Certainly, it is not expressly stated in the narrative that the darkness was due to the fierce western wind, that swept back the locusts, but a wind strong enough to carry back bodily an army of locusts would be certain to raise the whole shifting coverlet of the Sahara, and bring it in its grey and deathly horror over all the land.

All? Yes, all *except Goshen*! "The children of Israel had light in their dwellings." Now, where was Goshen? Just where it ought to be in order that the sand cloud should not reach it. "The children of Israel had light in their dwellings." Not by a fantastic favoritism of

* I may, perhaps, say here that it was in connection with some months spent in Egypt and upon the Nile that the force of the present argument seemed to develop itself in my own mind.