

until his feet are close to the waters of the flowing river. I think I hear him say to himself, "These waters will not divide; it is against nature to try to make them divide; see how sullen they look, and what is this mantle, and if I should try to divide them and fail, all the days of my life I shall be taunted by those boys yonder or those whom they tell of my failure. I will have an undying reputation as a fool. No, I can not do it." He waits and wonders, half believing. Behold the soul's battlefield. Who will win? God or the enemy? Elisha waits. And now I hear him say to himself. "Then let me fail, let me be a fool, let those students laugh at me as long as I live, or let me die and let my body fall into this muddy stream." But his vision is rising. The river is almost forgotten, so is the mantle, so are the boys, they are all hidden in the great consecration. He has lifted his eyes unto God, unto God alone. He cries, "Where is the God of Elijah?" and throws the mantle down upon the waters, dividing them right and left, while the boys from the school of the prophets shout down through the valley, "The spirit of Elijah doth rest upon Elisha." See, when Elisha got to the end of the students and the mantle and the water and *Elisha*, and saw God only, his victory came. Oh, soul, make way, make way for the divine, let it rush in. It alone