

"I CAN AND I WILL."

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Did you ever say the above words to yourself with the strong feeling that you spoke the truth? If so, you then felt within you a thrill which seemed to cause every atom of your being to vibrate in harmony with some note in the grand scale of Life, which had been sounded by the I AM—the real self. If so, you caught a momentary glimpse of the Inner Light; heard a stray note of the Song of the Soul; were conscious for the moment of YOURSELF. And in that moment you knew that untold power and possibilities were yours. You felt somehow that you were in touch with the source of all strength, power, knowledge, happiness and peace. You felt that you were equal to any task; capable of executing any undertaking. For the moment there was no Fear in the world for you. All the Universe seemed to vibrate in the same key with your thought. For the moment you RECOGNIZED THE TRUTH.

But, alas, the spirit of doubt, distrust, fear and unfaith called you again to Earth, and the vision faded. And yet, the remembrance of the sight; the echo of the sound; the remnant of the new-found strength; were with you still, and you accomplished great work before the impulse wore itself out.

Many men know that in times of great peril; grave perplexities; life and death struggles; a feeling of calm, confidence and strength came over them, and they were borne on by a power of them and in them, but over which they seemed to have no control. There are times at

which extraordinary conditions confront us, when our bodies seem paralyzed; our minds stupefied, and our will-power apparently gone. At such times we are frequently made conscious of the existence of the Real Self, which has answered our involuntary demand and has come to the rescue with the cheerful cry "I AM HERE."

Many men make use of this source of strength without realizing it. One day a young man is sorely distressed and makes the involuntary demand, *and it is answered*. He knows not from whence came his new found strength, but he is conscious of the up-lift, and he feels more confidence in himself. The next time, he *confidently* demands the aid, and again he is answered. He gets what he calls confidence and faith in himself, which carries him over many a rough place and starts him on the road to Success. His repeated success causes him to speak and think of his "luck," and, believing in his star, he takes chances and risks that others would not dream of. He dares. He makes some failures, but his "I can and I will" feeling carries him through to ultimate success. He gets to simply *know* that he will "get there" in the end, and regards apparent failures as a part of some great plan of Fate intended to benefit him in the end. And so he goes on and on, knowing that if he advances three feet and slips back two, he is still one foot ahead. He has Confidence because he *feels* that "things will come his way"—because they *always* do. And so long as

he keeps up this line of thought he *does* succeed, and it is only when he loses heart at some unexpected slip, or when, having attained success, he becomes dazed and frightened and begins to fear that "his luck may turn," and that he will lose all his accumulations—it is only then I say—that his star wanes.

Talk with any successful man, upon this subject, and if he be truthful he will admit having felt, from the time of his first success, that he had some sort of "pull" with Fate, some "lucky star," some special Providence operating in his behalf. He *expected* results; he had *confidence* in things turning out right—and he was not disappointed. Things seemed to work in his favor; not always as he expected, but somehow matters straightened out in the end, so long as he kept his "nerve." This CONFIDENT EXPECTATION is a great thing. Try it. You "need it in your business."

Do you remember the lions that confronted Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress." If Christian had been an "I Can't" fellow he never would have passed them, but singing out his cheerful "I Can and I Will," he marched boldly on—and you know the rest. I remember hearing, many years ago, a couplet that ran something like this:

"Tender-handed, grasp a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as down remains."

The man who wrote those lines certainly was an "I Can and I Will" man.

Do you know that you are like the young giant who had not discovered his own strength. You are not aware of the powers latent within you. You do not know that earnest effort and calm demand will bring to you what you de-

sire. You do not know that Desire, Confidence and Will is the triple key to the doors of attainment. There are possibilities before you, awaiting your coming, of which you have never dreamed. Assert *yourself*, and enter into your kingdom.

To accomplish you must be possessed of a burning Desire; you must be as Confident of your ultimate success as you are of the rising of tomorrow's sun; you must exert the Will to its utmost; so as to keep yourself steady and firm in the pursuit of your subject, allowing nothing to "side-track" you. And you will find that Desire, Confidence and Will will not only brush obstacles from your path, but will begin to exert that wonderful force, as yet so little understood—the Law of Attraction, which will draw to you that which is conducive to your success—ideas, people, things, *circumstances*.

The world is looking for "I Can and I Will" people—it has places ready for them—the supply does not begin to equal the demand. Pluck up courage ye unfortunate ones, and begin the fight by banishing Fear from your minds. Then start to climb the ladder of Attainment, shouting "I Can and I Will" with all your might. Do not bother about the upper rounds of the ladder—you will reach them in time—but give your whole attention to the round just ahead of you, and, when you have gained a firm foothold on that, then look at the next one. One round at a time, remember, and *give your entire attention to each step*. Climb with Desire, Confidence and Will inspiring each step, and the task will seem much easier. You will be conscious of some mighty force attracting you upward and onward, and aiding you as you progress.

He who thinks "I Can and I Will" thoughts attracts to himself the "I can and I Will" forces in his neighborhood, all of which tend to strengthen him in his work. Like attracts like in the world of thought, and every one of us is a magnet drawing to himself qualities corresponding in kind to those uppermost in his mind. Think for a moment and you will realize the truth of this statement. "Thoughts are Things." Birds of a feather flock together," so be careful what kind of thought-birds you allow to dwell in the regions of your mind.

If you are an "I Can't" person, change your tune at once. The more you say you can't, the more you will find that you really *can't*. If you fail to feel the "I Can and I Will" vibrations within you, just start to-day and say "I Can and I Will;" THINK "I Can and I Will;" ACT "I Can and I Will," and you will find that before long verily you CAN and you WILL.

Remember that one note of the violin, if constantly sounded, causes the mighty bridge to vibrate. Bear this in mind, and repeat the words over and over; *think* them over and over; *act* them over and over in your mind, and in time you will be conscious that the vibrations have commenced, and that the mighty structure of your being is quivering to the key-note, "I CAN AND I WILL."

Sure Cure.

Doctor—You're all run down. What brain work have you been doing?

Patient—Been trying to memorize all those newspaper rules for long life.

Doctor—Long life? Nonsense! I will cure you of all such delusions.

Fate and I.

Wise men tell me thou, O Fate,
Art invincible and great.
Well, I own thy prowess; still
Dare I flout thee with my will.

Thou canst shatter in a span
All the earthly pride of man.
Outward things thou canst control;
But stand back—I rule my soul!

Death? 'Tis such a little thing—
Scarcely worth thy mentioning.
What has death to do with me,
Save to set my spirit free?

Something in me dwells, O Fate,
That can rise and dominate.
Loss and sorrow, and disaster,
How, then, Fate, art thou my master?

In the great primeval morn
My immortal Will was born.
Part of that stupendous Cause
Which conceived the Solar Laws—

Lit the suns and filled the seas,
Royalist of pedigrees.
That great Cause was Love, the Source;
Who most loves has most of Force.

He who harbors hate one hour
Saps the soul of Peace and Power.
He who will not hate his foe
Need not dread life's hardest blow.

In the realm of brotherhood
Wishing no man aught but good.
Naught but good can come to me,
This is Love's supreme decree.

Since I bar my door to hate,
What have I to fear, O Fate?
Since I fear not—Fate, I vow,
I the ruler am, not thou!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.