A WOMAN'S CONFESSIONAL

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649428083

A Woman's Confessional by Helen Woljeska

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HELEN WOLJESKA

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"She goes to seek truth and the essence of life, And seeking, she errs."

-The Book of Truth, wii, 13.

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Helen Woljeska



New York Life Publishing Company

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(August, 1875—September, 1899)

HE woman whose journal is contained in the following pages died several years ago. I had the privilege of knowing her well during the last months of her life, and of assisting her a little — unfortunately a very little — during her last

illness. After her death her few belongings, not claimed by anyone else, fell to me. And among them I found these small, worn volumes of her journal—the records of an ardent life. If I now offer them to the public, it is after long and sincere consideration, prompted by the wish that she should not remain forgotten, that her life's thoughts should not perish.

As the journal is kept in an epigrammatical and impersonal form, I think it necessary, in order to save its human interest, to preface it with the few facts and corresponding dates I know of her life.

She was born in the dear, gay, brilliant city of

Vienna, the daughter of a happy and distinguished young couple. The first ten years of her life were spent on a large Bohemian estate and passed like a bright sunny dream. Then she was transplanted to America. The change from a luxurious country home to the lonely farmhouse, from gaieties and pleasure to privation and work was a terrible one for the child. Darkness and bitterness filled her heart. And she tortured herself with the thought that she would never be able to satisfy her burning desire of life and joy and beauty—that she would fade, grow old, and die in the lonely old farmhouse among the desolate black cedar woods.

However, fate was kinder—another change was close at hand. And when before long she entered the art school of a large western city, she had only just attained the pretty and moldable age of fifteen.—Now for the first time she came into contact with young American men and women; and their independence, their quiet self-assurance and whole attitude, so new and foreign to her, impressed her very deeply. It was not long before she glowed with the desire of becoming as strong, broad, fearless and free as were, in her eyes, these plain young art students, whose friendship had thrown open doors and windows for her, and let in keen, bright,