

**VICTORIA TRUE:  
OR, THE JOURNAL  
OF A LIVE WOMAN**

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Victoria True: Or, The Journal of a Live Woman by Helen Van-Anderson

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**HELEN VAN-ANDERSON**

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# VICTORIA TRUE

—OR—

## THE JOURNAL OF A LIVE WOMAN

BY  
HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

AUTHOR OF "THE RIGHT KNOCK," "IT IS POSSIBLE,"  
"STORY OF TEDDY," ETC.

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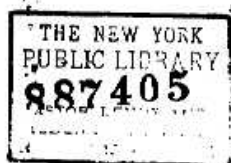
By the understanding of his own power as related to the Law of Being  
a man's spoken word will recreate him. — *Helen Wilman.*

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ALL eyes wait for a new dawn,  
All hearts wait for a new song,  
All feet wait for a new path,  
All lives for what Love hath  
In store, of Life  
And Truth.

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To the All, is this Book dedicated by  
the Author.

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BY HELEN VAN ANDERSON.

## INTRODUCTION.

**W**HEN first I met Victoria True she impressed me as one who had had some great experience. Her face was like one transfigured. It suggested a resurrection. Afterward, when I knew her life story, I understood. Her whole being, her eyes, her face, her every word, her every move bespoke a consciousness of life, and because it was life it made her a live woman—one who under any circumstances can never be otherwise than alive.

It was my incomparable privilege at one time to be her daily companion in her own home for over three months. Her home life was so filled with the dignity of her ideals and their masterly expression that every detail stamped itself indelibly upon my memory. The marvel of her character grew upon me, and at last I perceived that the secret of her attainment lay in the supreme fact that she had overcome self.

But how had she accomplished this, by what method had she made ready and adopted this beautiful garment of character? was my constant inward query. It was not that she had been endowed with an angelic disposition superior to others; it was not that she had found life and its circumstances easy or luxurious or even pleasant always; it was not that she had been kept from trial or disappointment; it was not that she had been shielded or protected by anyone, — and yet here she was a great, grand royal woman, in her victory, representing the possible victory of every soul.

“What is it?” I questioned of her earnestly, “what is it that makes your life so rich in peace, in power, in everything that goes to make the ideal life a reality? Can you not tell your secret? I want to know, not only for myself, but for hundreds and thousands of others who desire to live as you do.”

Our conversations had often led up to this point, and in response to my oft-repeated question she had always given



some wise, strong answer which satisfied in a general sense, but failed to give the definiteness of a personal experience.

This time my plea for the "thousands of others" seemed to strike a new chord in her mind. "Do you really think the story of my experience would help others?" she asked, her beautiful eyes aglow with a sudden resolve.

"I *know* it. Dear Mrs. True, will you not tell it to me?"

"It is too sacred for spoken words," she said in a hushed voice, at the same time rising and walking swiftly into the house.

Presently she returned to me under the tree on the lawn where we had been sitting. In her hand she carried a large, flat book which she gave me, saying as she did so, "Here is the story of my new life as I wrote it from day to day. Perhaps from it you will glean hints of what I can never utter in audible language. My life has been commonplace, its duties the plain uneventful round that makes up the average woman's life, but out of it all the

Something that has been evolved is that which you say gives peace, power, and whatever goes to make the higher life."

She walked away, and with reverent hands I opened the Journal. . . . And then I knew why she could not speak of her experiences, why they were too sacred to utter. Ah, yes, the secrets of her very soul were laid bare; even its struggles and agonies were hinted at, but over all and through all rose the song of triumph, the pæan of victory.

I sat spellbound and read to the finish. I read, and read again. The outer world with its sights and sounds was forgotten. The evening shadows grew long about me, the sun sank to rest, the stars came out, and still I sat unheeding. I was thinking of the sameness of human struggles and weaknesses and aspirations. I saw in this not the story of one woman, but the story of Humanity. This one soul seemed to stand apart, but no, it was simply that her victory illumined her as a like victory might illumine all. She had, as it were, found the Light, and in

this silent, quiet way — in her daily life and in her written words — she bore it aloft.

Why should not the shine of this Light reach afar into other lives still groping in darkness? Why should it not comfort other despairing hearts?

Surely it must be so. . . . And at last I prevailed on her to let me give to the world, for the world's dear sake, this "Journal of a Live Woman."