

**MORE THAN  
CONQUERORS**

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More Than Conquerors by Lucia E. F. Kimball

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No truth or goodness realized by man ever dies, or can die; but all is still here, and, recognized or not, lives and works through endless changes.—*Carlyle*.

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### HIS WITNESSES.

The dear Lord's best interpreters  
Are humble human souls.  
The gospel of a life like hers  
Is more than books and scrolls.  
From scheme and creed the light goes out,  
The saintly fact survives,  
The blessed Master none can doubt  
Revealed in holy lives. — *Whittier*.

TRAVELERS in the Holy Land are pointed to a little house in the Via Dolorosa, where lived St. Veronica, upon whose veil, employed to wipe away the blood and sweat from the brow of Christ, his image was miraculously impressed. This is simply tradition, but it has given to the world a tender suggestion of faithful service and reward. We wonder or we smile, at the story, according to our frame of mind, but all the while in human souls a miracle more wondrous and sweet is going on, by which they receive a likeness to their Lord.

The Christian world can hardly linger too long or too lovingly over the lives of its saints, many of them so humble and obscure that they

are well-nigh unknown and unthought of save by Him whose divine image they bear.

I am thinking now of some such lives, simple, pure and true, whose precious perfume has been wafted into mine. I write concerning them, not because anything of beauty can be added to their characters through being known, neither from any fear that they will not be gloriously crowned by the Master himself. But those of us who are striving and have not yet attained, stand in sore need of the help such lives can give. There are sad, gentle souls that never seem to catch the warmth and brightness of Christian joy and triumph. Their religion envelopes them in a kind of tender twilight. Sometimes the shadows are dispelled at the close of life, and they enter heaven by a shining way. Sometimes they pass from us in a pathetic sadness that brings tears of pity. In regard to such we have only to remember that all those who are truly Christ's will find the perfect day up yonder.

For those Christians who are children of the light, who daily and hourly prove that no earthly pain or privation, no spiritual power of darkness, no mystery of Providence can separate from the love of Christ or dim the clear, steady shining of their faith, we who struggle,



oftentimes wearily and with faint and troubled hearts, may well give thanks.

I ask all those who read these pages to remember that these Christians wore no mystic charm by which they were proof against the arrows of pain and misfortune. They were loving, sensitive, susceptible to the keenest suffering of body and spirit; loneliness, poverty, the giving up of home and friends, wearisome days and nights meant just as much to them as to any one of us. Herein lies the mystery of grace—that in the midst of these things they could still rejoice and triumph.

The question often will arise, and is a perplexing one, why the holiest of God's children often are the objects of his severest discipline. Would not God teach us how much higher he ranks spiritual attainment than material prosperity? "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly," but we must remember that the heart of perfect love alone knows what is the highest good. We learn slowly that oftentimes the truest, divinest answer to prayer is the giving of that grace which makes us hopeful and patient with life, whatever it brings.

The acceptance of God's will, not of necessity, but cheerfully, believing that his thoughts toward them could only be of loving kindness

and tender mercy, by these in our own time, is the distinguishing witness of his power just as truly as it was in the lives of the holy men and women who gave lustre to the primitive church. We read the words of this latter class and imagine them too remote to have any real bearing upon the busy, practical life of this nineteenth century. We hold in a kind of wondering veneration the early martyrs, but question if Christians of the present day could as bravely endure persecution and suffering. And yet two of these women, living in our very midst, endured the pains of a thousand martyrdoms, and as heroically as did ever the victims of the Inquisition.

In view of such lives we feel the force of the apostle's words, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you. But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

God promises to his most devoted followers no exemption from hardship and trial. It is when passing through the waters and walking through the flames that the heavenly assurance is given, not of deliverance, but of preservation. We have this record concerning his

ancient people, "They thirsted not when he led them through the deserts." Suffering is the royal road which the loveliest of God's children have trod. Of the "needs be" we do indeed blindly question, but of the fact that it is given to us not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for his sake, there can be no doubt. It is one of the mysteries that must remain such until the light that shall make all luminous, falls on life's crooked pathway.

God seems to care not so much for what we have and are, as for what we may become. To develop in us the highest moral character must be the end of earthly discipline. The human teachers we remember most gratefully, are not those who gave us the lightest tasks and the broadest liberty, but those who were truest to us in that they looked beyond the present and saw our future need. And shall we not in that higher and better life thank the great Teacher for the hard lessons he set us to learn here, over which, it may be, we shed many rebellious tears?

Far back in the twilight of spiritual thought, Socrates said: "The soul is most certainly immortal and imperishable, and will really exist in the unseen world, taking nothing with it but the discipline gained here."

Celia Thaxter tells us concerning the beau-