

Onward, fellow-soldiers! Soon, the
 conflict done,
 We shall gladly lay our armor down;
 Soon, with songs triumphant, songs
 for victory won,
 We shall change the helmet for the
 crown.

Our God is Marching On

Tune—"The Battle Hymn."

The light of truth is breaking, on the
 mountain-top it gleams;
 Let it flash along our valleys, let it
 glitter on our streams;
 Till all our land awakes in its flush
 of golden beams.

Our God is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Our God is marching on.

With purpose strong and steady, and
 in freedom's sacred name,
 We rise to snatch our kindred from the
 depths of woe and shame.
 And the jubilee of liberty, slaves of sin
 proclaim.

Our God is marching on.

Our strength is in Jehovah, and our
 cause is in his care;
 With Almighty hands to help us, we
 have faith to do and dare,
 While confiding in the promise that the
 Lord will answer prayer.
 Our God is marching on.

Coming By and By

Tune—"A Better Day is Coming."

A better day is coming,
 A morning aure to dawn,
 When steadfast right with manly
 might

Will overthrow the wrong;
 When sober men will listen
 To Rachael's plaintive sigh,
 And vote for home and native land,
 With justice by and by.

Chorus:—

Coming hy and by, Coming by and
 by!

The better day is coming, the morn-
 ing draweth nigh;

Coming hy and by, Coming hy and
 by!
 The welcome dawn will hasten on,
 'Tis coming hy and hy.

The boast of liquor minions
 No more will fill the air,
 And old and young will leave their
 wine
 And spurn it everywhere.
 No more from want and sorrow
 Will come the helpless cry,
 And strife will cease, and perfect peace
 Will flourish by and by.

O for the temperance dawning!
 We'll work and vote, and pray,
 Till Prohibition's golden light
 Shall drive the gloom away;
 And when the peaceful glory
 Shall flood the earth and sky
 No cruel har shall flourish then,
 No drink curse hy and hy.

—Issue.

When Christians Vote as They Pray

Tune—"The Sweet By and By."

There's a time that is coming at last—
 Oh! hasten the long looked-for day,
 When the rum fiend no shackles can
 cast,
 For all Christians will vote as they
 pray.

Chorus:—

In the sweet by and by,
 We shall welcome the beautiful
 day;
 In the sweet hy and by,
 When Christians will vote as they
 pray.

When the fire shall go out at the still,
 And the worm shall be taken away;
 And its ruins give place to the mill,
 Making bread that doth hunger
 allay.

And the prisons shall close every door,
 And the poorhouses tenantless stand,
 When the bar-rooms shall darken no
 more
 The dear homes of our beauti' l
 land.