

attainments of the great Seraph. It was a battle of wills. Michael was the victor. It was the triumph of a will fortified by goodness over a will debilitated by evil. The Dragon was cast from the heavenly courts into an existence of continual frustration. Goodness had prevailed for all eternity.

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## CHOIR REVERIE

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*PHILIP REILLY, O.P.*

Murmurs midst an amber sheen . . .  
Droning over every stall . . .

Guardian angels, guardians near,  
Is it you that call?  
Checking, chiding, strengthening,  
Each one, day by day?

Guardian angels, guardians near,  
Yet so far away.  
Is that yours, the distant drone,  
Guiding each, one soul back home,  
Hiding as you call?

Murmurs midst an amber sheen . . .  
Droning over every stall. . . .