

## "SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD"

The Feast was spread at Simon's house, and as they sat at meat,  
A woman came and silent stood within the open door –  
Close pressed against her throbbing heart an alabaster box  
Of purest spikenard, costly, rare, she held. With modest fear,  
She dreaded to attract the curious gaze of those within,  
And yet her well-beloved Friend was there, her Master, Lord.  
With wondrous intuition she divined that this might be  
Her last, her only opportunity to show her love;  
She thought of all that he had done for her, the holy hours  
She spent enraptured at his feet, unmindful of all else,  
If only she might hear those words of *Truth*, those words of *Life*.  
She thought of that dark hour when Lazarus lay within the tomb  
And how he turned her night to day, her weeping into joy.  
Her fair face flushed, with deepening gratitude her pure eyes  
shone.

With swift, light step she crossed the crowded room. She bravely met

Those questioning eyes (for Love will find its way through paths  
where lions

Fear to tread); with trembling hands she broke the seal and poured  
The precious contents of the box upon her Saviour's feet,

And all the house was filled with fragrance wonderful and sweet.

She could not speak, her heart's devotion was too deep, her tears

Fell softly, while she took her chiefest ornament, her long

And silken hair and wiped his sacred feet, – when suddenly

A rude voice broke the golden silence with, "What waste! this  
might

Have sold for much, *to feed the poor!*" She lower bent her head

–

*To her it seemed so mean a gift for love so great to make!*

Again a voice re-echoed through the room, her blessed Lord's.

(He half arose and gently laid his hand upon her hair) –

And how it thrilled her fainting heart to hear him sweetly say,  
"Rebuke her not, for she hath wrought a good work, what she  
could;  
Aforehand, to anoint me for my burying she hath come,  
And this her deed of love throughout the ages shall be told!"

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How oft since first I read the story of this saint of old,  
My own poor heart has burned with fervent, longing, deep desire,  
That *I* might thus have ministered unto my Lord and King –  
"The chiefest of ten thousand, altogether lovely One."  
And now, to learn – Oh! precious thought, 'tis *not too late*, I still  
May pour Love's priceless ointment on "the members" of his Feet!  
Dear Lord, I pray, Oh! help me break with sacrificial hand  
The seal of Self, and pour the pent-up odors of my heart  
Upon thy "Feet!" Oh! let me spend my days and nights in toil,  
That I, perchance, may save from needless wandering, and help  
To keep them in the narrow way that leads to light and life.  
Oh! let me lay within their trembling hands a rose of love,  
A lily's pure and holy inspiration on their breast!  
Dear Master, let me kneel with them in dark Gethsemane;  
Oh! help me boldly stand and meekly bear the scoffs and jeers  
Of cruel, mocking tongues! Oh! may I count no cost, e'en life  
Itself, too great to *serve*, to *bless*, to *comfort thy dear "Feet,"*  
And when the last drop of my heart's devotion has been shed,  
Oh! may I hear thy sweet voice say, "*She hath done what she  
could!*"

– G. W. Seibert. – April, 1908.

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