A Portrait of Jesus

4 Love suffers long and is kind; love envies not; love makes no parade, is not puffed up, is not rude, not selfish, nor easily provoked. Love bears no malice, never rejoices over wrong-doing, but rejoices when the truth rejoices. It knows how to be silent, it is trustful, hopeful, patient, enduring. Love never fails; but though there are prophecies, they will fail; though there are tongues, they will cease; though there is knowledge, it will be superseded.

9 For our knowing is imperfect, and our prophesying is imperfect; but when the perfect is come, then the imperfect will be done away. When I was a child I spoke like a child, felt like a child, thought like a child; now that I am become a man, I have done with childish things.

Things That Abide

12 For now we see as in a mirror, and are baffled, but then face to face; now I know in fragments, but then shall I understand even as I also have been understood. Faith, Hope, Love endure-these three; but the greatest of these is Love.