The love is long-suffering, it is kind, the love doth not envy, the love doth not vaunt itself, is not puffed up, doth not act unseemly, doth not seek its own things, is not provoked, doth not impute evil, rejoiceth not over the unrighteousness, and rejoiceth with the truth; all things it beareth, all it believeth, all it hopeth, all it endureth.

The love doth never fail; and whether there be prophecies, they shall become useless; whether tongues, they shall cease; whether knowledge, it shall become useless; for in part we know, and in part we prophesy; and when that which is perfect may come, then that which is in part shall become use-

babe; for we see now through a mirror obscurely, and then face to face; now I know in part, and then I shall fully know, as also I was known; and now there doth remain faith, hope, love—these three; and the greatest of these is love.