

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not **charity**, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not **charity**, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not **charity**, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; **charity** envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether be prophecies, they shall fail;

whether there be tongues, they shall cease;
whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.
For we know in
part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come,
then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as
a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a
child; but when I became a man, I put away
childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly;
but then face to face: now I know in part; but
then shall I know even as I also am known.

And now
abideth faith, hope, **charity**, these three; but
the greatest of these is **Charity**.

I CORINTHIANS, Chap. 13