

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...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.* If our conscience reply that such is our temper, it is well with us. But if, on the other hand, we find lurking within us a spirit of pride, of bitterness, of intolerance, of harsh judgment, of party-spirit, and of other feelings the very opposite to those described in this most touching passage of St Paul; then, whatever be our condition and our attainments in the wisdom of the world, we are outcasts from the flock of Christ, and have no inheritance in his kingdom.

Learning, almost beyond that of man—a happy power in tracing out the proofs of natural religion—a critical knowledge of the word of God—a grasp of the sharpest weapons of polemical theology, may coexist in a mind manifesting hardly one single Christian grace: nay, hardly performing the most vulgar acts of moral obligation, enjoined, between man and man, by the sanction of the law, and without which the very frame-work of society could not be held together. I will not however dwell on any extreme case like this, but appeal once more to

* 1 Cor. xiii.