

He drew her closer to him, and, with her wet cheek against his own, they repeated the words together.

And after a little time she raised her hands, and held his face between them, and looked into his face for a long while, and there was a great gladness, and a great love, and a great trust in the tear-wet eyes.

"I do not know your name," she said.

"It is Raymond," he answered.

**THE END**