

## THE MURDERER AND THE MOMIER.

IT was noon in Geneva, one fine summer day about fifty years ago, and the bright sunshine glanced through the window of the court-house and lighted up the solemn scene that was passing there. Its streaming rays fell on the eager faces of the crowd, on the stern countenance of the judge, and on the pallid, haggard aspect of the wretched man trembling in the dock. He was standing there, charged with the terrible crime of murder; the verdict of guilty had just been pronounced, and now the judge was speaking the fearful words that cut him off from life and hope, and condemned him, according to the Genevese law, to be shut up for twenty-eight days in an underground cell, and then brought forth to public execution.

When the judge ceased, the awful silence that reigned throughout the court was suddenly broken by an agonized cry from the criminal, "Mercy! Mercy!" Alas for him, that was no place for the exercise of mercy; only justice could be dispensed from that tribunal, and he knew that his sentence was just. As the miserable man was led away, a murmur of pity ran through the court, and there, as far as most of the spectators were concerned, all sorrow for his fate ended. But there was one present, a member of the little band who, for their lives of singular sanctity, were called "Momiers" by the people of Geneva.

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