

Lastly spoke the modest architect, Hiram, friend of the two kings. Practically, there had been no man since the days of Aholiab and Bazaleef so skilful in all questions of color and construction. Upon his first coming to Jerusalem he brought a letter of recommendation from his royal master Hiram, vouching that "he was skillful to work in gold and in silver, in brass and in iron, in stone and in timber, in purple, in blue, and in fine linen and in crimson; also to grave any manner of graving, and to find out every device which should be put to him." The confidence thus entreated had been freely awarded at Jerusalem, and everything, from the huge corner-stone of sixty cubits, to the delicate embroidery upon the veils of the Temple, had proved his competency and fidelity. His words were brief and to the point.

"A few weeks since, on my hasty visit to Gebal, to consult some ancient records of architectural importance in the great temple there, I studied more carefully than ever before the legend of the great Sesostris, carved five centuries ago upon the sides of Libanus. From that point the view over the mishty main is sublime. I gazed for hours upon it, refreshing my strained and aged eyes by the blue of the sea blended with the blue of the sky.

"We design to organize an association to which the eye, jaded with the harsh and piercing colors of humanity, can turn and be refreshed. That gaudy glare which you have selected, oh King Solomon, would but increase the eye pain. That deep, gorgeous hue which you have selected, oh King Hiram, startles and wearies with its magnificence. I would not choose either of them. Last night night standing at my tent door and gazing above me, I remarked that the color of the sky, when most serene, is ever the serenest blue. Side by side among the rocks of Lebanon grow the modest blue pimpernel and the scarlet anemone. The child may be attracted by the latter, but the choice of humanity would be the former. At your last religious ceremonial I remarked in the sacerdotal dresses the three colors commingled, purple, scarlet and blue, and I observed among the thousands who, like me, gazed upon that costume, the greater number of eyes caught first by the scarlet turned soon to the purple, but then fell lovingly upon the blue, and there abode. Blue is the color of the Heaven that closes in the great earth. Blue is the color of the seas that sweep to the horizon, gaze where we may; blue is the color then of universality. And I commend that it be made the the color of Freemasonry."

It is needless to add that the arguments so practically and forcibly urged were irresistible. The views of the great operative were adopted, and it has become a landmark among Masons (altered only by a few reckless and uneasy jurisdictions more anxious to perpetuate the national colors of their own petty principalities than to maintain the old law of the Craft) that the emblem of universality should be the emblem of Ancient Craft Masonry, the Cerulean Blue.—*Louisville Masonic Journal.*

FREEMASONRY IN SWEDEN, ITALY, AND FRANCE.

We read, in the columns of *Le Monde Macconique*, that latterly, at Stockholm, a new Lodge of Freemasons was constituted. The ceremony, which was conducted on a scale of great magnificence, took place in the Hall of the Knights, an apartment capable of holding 1,600 persons, but on this occasion with hardly space enough, owing to the presence of large numbers of Brethren, not only from various parts of Sweden, but also from Norway, Denmark, Germany, France and England. At seven o'clock, King Oscar arrived, accompanied by the Crown Prince, who had a short time previously been admitted