bills were floating below us. These, the wonderfully beautiful, dyed in the red colors of the declining sun, shut off the greater portion of the island from our view. On my previous visit to Etna, in May, 1894, the atmosphere was much clearer. Then we could see the greater part of the island. The entire east coast was outstretched below us. The bills of the sea breaking upon the rocky coast gave it a sliver edging. Two cities and a vast number of villages and huts crowded the seashore, dotted the valleys, and nestled on the hillsides. The Sidicilian Mountain chains rose about us in great irregular ridges, crest peeping over crest. Stromboli to the north (seemingly but a stone's throw away), protruded his rocky head and shoulders above the sea. He was throwing a dense column of black smoke thousands of feet into the heavens. Adjacent was the little island volcano throwing upward white puffs of clouds. Mount Etna at the same time was shooting upward an immense column of sulphurous steam, rendering it impossible to see much of the interior of the crater. An inky black cloud hung below us at the west. From it came zig-zag chains of lightning flashes and thunder peals. We looked down upon the storm; it was raining below us, but we were in the sunshine above.

When the heavens are free of clouds the whole island, with its innumerable mountain peaks, is visible from the rim of the crater. With a glass the waves of the sea may be seen breaking in foam upon the rocky coast of the entire island. Malta is visible in the south, Stromboli and the Lipari Islands to the north, the Aegedian Islands to the west, and the Tyrrhian.