



THE BOTTLE TREE.

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There is a tree in Australia which grows in the shape of a bottle, and puts out its branches broadly from the part which seems like the neck. This tree would appear very curious to our American children, as we have nothing like it in this country.

"Cousin Annie" sends us an interesting story about another curious tree, and we will give it place just here, where it seems to belong :

## THE RAINING-TREE.

At first thought it really did seem quite impossible. There must surely be some mistake. But then Uncle Colin had said he had seen it—yes, really and truly seen it with his own eyes; and whatever Uncle Colin said he had seen, that had he seen beyond a doubt.

But what could it all be about? Why, simply that Uncle Colin had told them that on his recent trip to Africa, he had seen a tree that rained water.

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed Wilbur, "Where could that have been?" and

"Oh, uncle, dear," chimed in Charlotte, "how could such a thing be?"

"One question at a time," warned Uncle Colin, shaking his finger vigorously at each in turn.

"Now, which one of you," he continued, "can tell me where the Canary Islands are?"

"On the north-west coast of Africa," came the answer from both simultaneously.

"Quite correctly replied to, geography class of two," declared Uncle Colin. "Well," he went on, "if you have heard of the Canary Islands, and can locate them so readily, you must have heard something, too, of the famous Peak of Teneriffe."

"That we have, uncle!" declared Miss Charlotte, ere Wilbur could open his lips. "It is the great mountain peak of the Canary Islands, and towers over twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. What makes it all the more conspicuous still, is that it seems to rise right out of the ocean when viewed by approaching vessels."

"It is truly a wonderful mountain in

more respects than one," added Uncle Colin. "The name Teneriffe means in the native language tender, snow, effe, a hill; hence, in full, snow-hill. Its summit is covered with snow nearly all the year round. This is all the more noticeable, as the climate of the islands is quite tropical. But as wonderful as this mountain is, there is something more wonderful still among the group of islands. One of these islands is called the Ferro Island, which means the Iron Island. It is so called because it has a soil so hard that it is almost impossible to dig any distance into it. As might be supposed, there are no channels through it, not even a tiny stream trickling its way along; yet there are a few wells, which have at length been hollowed in the earth only by the most persistent effort of the natives. When it rains the water collects in these depressions, but as they are so shallow the supply does not last long. If the people had to depend upon these pools entirely they would surely perish of thirst. But there is another source to which they can go—a source that is all the more wonderful, as it seems to have been placed there by God's own hand.

"Near the centre of the Ferro there grows a large and magnificently proportioned tree. Just to what species this tree belongs, the natives have never been able to discover. It seems of its own particular variety, and stands alone of its kind. The tree towers many feet into the air, the branches being most luxuriant, while the leaves are long, narrow, and pointed. They remain green all the year round.

"The strangest part of this wonderful tree is that its branches, even those nearer the earth, are constantly enveloped in clouds, which drip moisture down upon the leaves. The leaves in turn let the drops of water, which are as clear as crystal, glide undisturbed along the smooth and satin-like surface, when arriving at the pointed ends the globules drop one by one into the shallow pools the natives have dug all about the tree. Although these pools are necessarily shallow on account of the hardness of the soil, yet they are never empty, for as fast as the natives relieve them of their contents more is dropped into them by the leaves of the wonderful tree. But for this wonderful raining-tree the island of Ferro would be rendered uninhabitable.

"Naturalists have tried again and again to solve the mystery of the raining-tree, but all have alike failed. It is true that the clouds drop moisture down upon the leaves. But how do the clouds get there? and why do they stay there so constantly? and why is it, also, that they hover over no other part of the island as they do over this?"

The highest place in the kingdom is reserved for the lowliest spirit.