

drawn, and one supernumerary. From this small number we have had two Editors, one Book-Steward, a Chairman of a District and two Secretaries of Conference.

1839.—Four received. One superannuated, and three in the regular work.

1840.—Of twelve admitted, seven actively engaged. One is connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, and is Principal of a Ladies' Academy in the city of New-York ; another with more zeal than knowledge entered the controversial lists with a Baptist Minister, got worsted in the conflict, was led into captivity, where he still remains ; another, after a few months' travelling, united with the Church of England, and two desisted, returning to former pursuits.

1841.—Ten received, of these six are now effective. One supernumerary, two desisted, and one noticed above, as having entered the English Church.

1842.—Same number of candidates ; but they of this year have been remarkable for steadfastness ; nine remain in the work ; the tenth, John Williams, died at his post. Four of them for a long series of years have occupied the first pulpits in our church, and probably have been as successful in their labours as any others.

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### “ ONE WILD FLOWER MORE.”

Upon the buttress of what was intended to be the suspension bridge over the river Avon, near the city of Bristol, England, I was standing by the side of my honored father, admiring the romantic scenery. Far below us flowed quietly the comparatively little river—winding its way through walls of huge rocks of various hues, rising to the height of one or two hundred feet ; while steamboats and majestic sailing ships were bearing the commerce of the great city to and from all parts of the world. “Do you see that shelving rock yonder,” my father said to me, pointing in a certain direction. “That one, I replied that is on a level with where we now stand, rounding and projecting over the precipice and upon which I see those wild flowers growing?” “Yes:—A little more than a year ago a young lady (grand-daughter of the late and well-known Rev. Leigh Richmond) on a visit to an aunt in Clifton, strolled out alone on a lovely summer's afternoon to admire the scenery, and gather the wild flowers. No friendly rail was stretched along as now you