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**THE WILD FLOWERS OF QUEBEC.—By S.  
STURTON, *Associate Member.***

[Read 19th December, 1860.]

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“ Ye Field Flowers, the Gardens eclipse you, 'tis true ;  
Yet, wildlings of Nature, I doat upon you,  
For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,  
And daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.”

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**INTRODUCTION.**

In revising for the press the following paper, which was read before the Literary and Historical Society last December, I think I can say that I am solely actuated by the desire to facilitate the study of the Botany of Quebec, and to remove out of the path of others difficulties which I have myself encountered.

I delight in flowers, especially in those which are natives of the locality where I dwell ; and when they are in bloom, wherever I am, may be seen several vases filled with the most beautiful I can collect—these never fail to excite in