

children; while, on the other hand, the eyes of the book-loving Harriet, were roving about in search of the juvenile library, of which her mother had spoken. At length, after various stoppages and interruptions, they reached the counter of Mrs. Frazer, when the sisters, Charlotte and Jane, immediately enquired of her, "Whether any new story-books had been lately produced?" Mrs. Frazer readily handed to them a large collection, one of which soon caught their attention. Its title was new, and there were pictures in it, of *ESQUIMAUX*; those harmless natives of the Frozen Seas, about whom the children had heard so much from their parents, and whom they had been taught to consider with feelings of pity, as the most desolate of human beings; often famishing, as they had been told, with hunger; perishing with cold, and destitute of all the comforts and conveniences of life; yet cheerful, and contented with their hard lot; thereby affording a lesson to natives of a happier country, who, in the midst of abundance, are often miserable and discontented, even at the slightest privation. "What an odd title this book has got!" said Harriet; "A Peep at the Esquimaux:" "I really should like to have it, as I see it is written in poetry, which I like very much, and it