

**THE WAY TO BE HAPPY;
OR, THE STORY OF WILLIE
THE GARDENER BOY**

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The way to be happy; or, The story of Willie the gardener boy by Miss C. D. Bell

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MISS C. D. BELL

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THE LITTLE GARDENER.



THE
WAY TO BE HAPPY;

OR,

The Story of Willie the Gardener Boy.

BY

COUSIN KATE

(THE LATE MISS G. D. BELL.)




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1871.



THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

H, papa, I have been wishing so much that you would come," cried Charlie Colville, as his father entered the breakfast-room one morning. "I want you to look at that little boy at the gate, and tell me if you know him."

Dr. Colville went to the window where Charles was.

"Oh," cried Charles, disappointed, "how provoking! There he is running away across the field, over the road, just when you have come. He has been waiting here for ever so long,

walking up and down in front of the gate, and stopping every now and then to look in. I wonder who he can be, or what he wants?"

"Perhaps he may be ill, or have been sent by a sick person to call me," Dr. Colville suggested; "and being shy, may have preferred to wait outside until I come out. They often do. But now it is breakfast-time, and I am in haste. Let me wheel you to the table."

Charlie cast longing looks at the window, as his chair was moved away from it.

"Not there, papa," he cried, petulantly, when Dr. Colville was settling him with his back to the light. "Don't you know that I like to face the window, that I may look out?" And the indulgent father, with only a smile at the boy's pettedness, wheeled him to the other side.

Dr. Colville's house and grounds were large and pleasant, but had no pretensions about them. A little grass field lay between the house and the high-road; and straight through it, without a turn, was the short avenue, so straight and broad that any one at the gate could look directly up to the windows, and be easily seen from them. Poor Charlie Colville, a cripple from his birth, was unable to walk, go to school, or play like other boys, and was therefore glad to find amusement and interest for himself in things other boys would have cared little about. One of his favourite diversions was to sit at the window, and watch every one that passed along the road—to recognize those he knew, and to guess about the strangers. Even while eating his breakfast he kept constantly looking out of the window; and so soon as it was over, he called on his

mother to wheel him back to his old place.

Dr. Colville went into his own study after breakfast; and when he looked into the breakfast-room, before going out, he found Charlie again very impatient for him.

"My boy has come back, papa," he cried. "Only it is so provoking, he has sat down on one of the high stones outside the gate, and you can see no more of him than a naked foot."

"Which can tell me little," Dr. Colville said, smiling.

"But are you going out now, papa?"

"This very minute."

"And on foot?"

"Yes; I am going to pay visits in the village, and my gig is to follow me in a little."

"Oh, then," Charlie cried, well pleased, "I can watch and see if the boy speaks to you. And if he does, I

can amuse myself making out stories about what he wants, and all that, until you come back to tell me."

But Charlie was again disappointed. Dr. Colville's step upon the gravel walk made the little watcher look in through the gate; and when he saw the gentleman coming down, he jumped off his stone, and stood modestly back to let him pass. Dr. Colville's mind was very busy with a dangerous case at that moment. He had forgotten all about Charlie's boy before he reached the gate, and passed on without seeing him. The boy allowed the doctor to pass, and then followed him. Presently Dr. Colville heard a voice say,—

"Please, sir, you don't happen to want a little boy to help work in the garden, do you?"

The voice was very pleasant and cheery. Dr. Colville turned quickly round, and saw a boy about twelve