

**THE FROST UPON
THE PANE. A
CHRISTMAS STORY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649590056

The Frost upon the Pane. A Christmas Story by W. B. Rands

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W. B. RANDS

**THE FROST UPON
THE PANE. A
CHRISTMAS STORY**

THE

FROST UPON THE PANE.



The Wanderer on the Gravestone.

THE
FROST UPON THE PANE.

A Christmas Story.

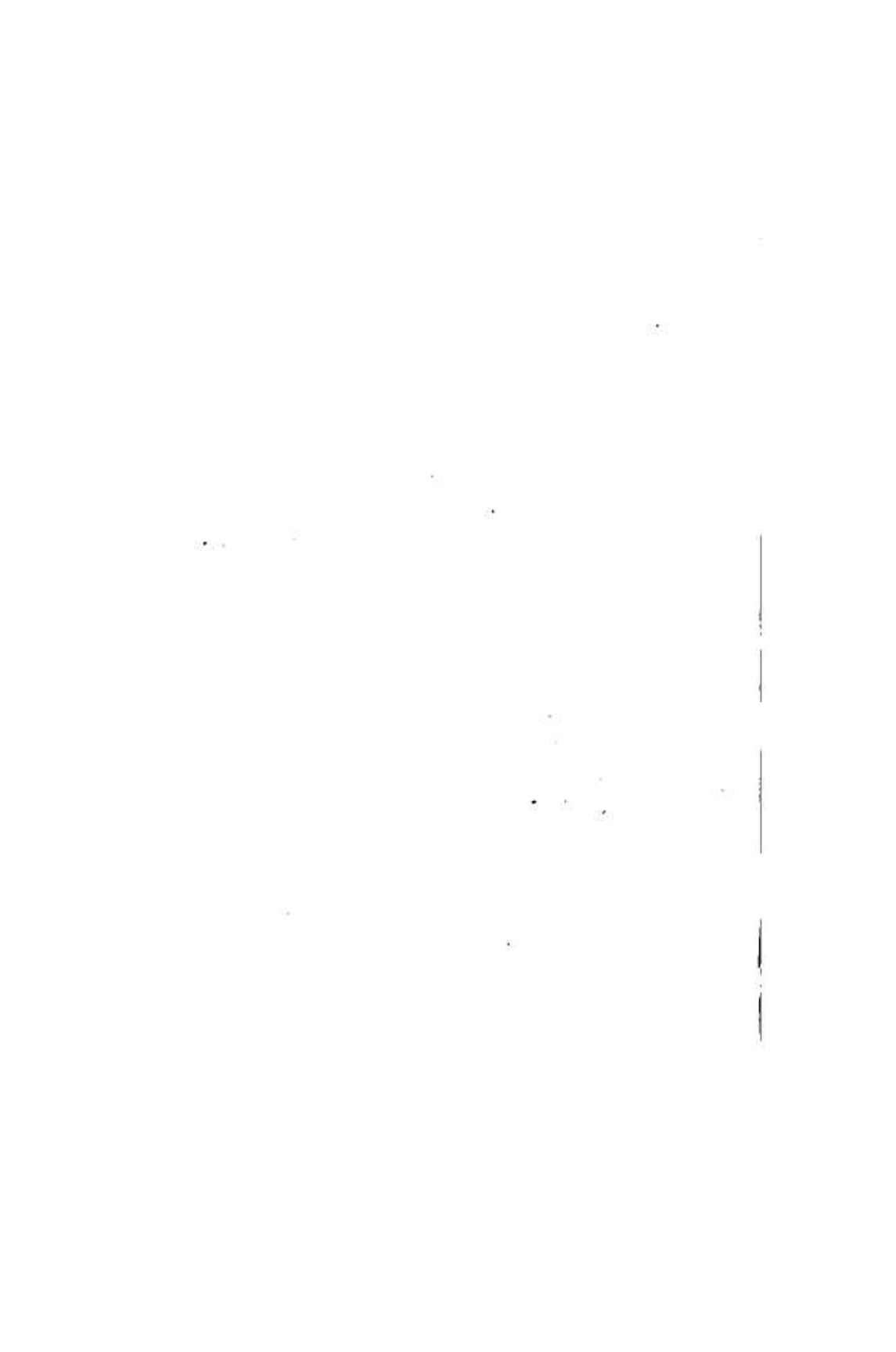
EDITED BY W. B. RANDS.

Some natural sorrow, grief or pain,
That has been, and may be again.

LONDON:
W & F. G. CASH, 5, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT.

1854.

249. C. 476.



THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

"HERE," you say, "is a Christmas story, told by John Tompkins. Who *is* Tompkins?"

The name of Tompkins, though not familiar to the general reader, is perfectly so to the general postman (of the Clapham district). My knowledge of him dates from the middle of November last, when a common acquaintance brought me a *rudis indigestaque moles* of MS. in the Tompkins hieroglyph, from which I have evolved the following pages. I thought with my friend that the "Frost upon the Pane" was essentially a Christmas story: it is a tale of the affections; it is free from phrase-spinning; it is short enough to be read aloud in an evening, without

being considered tedious; it has not the symmetry and working up of incident which go far to stamp a tale for untrue; and it is pervaded, not only by a religious spirit, in the ordinary sense of the expression, but by a reverence for that indirect revelation of the Great Spontaneous Goodness which we get in women and children.

I believe Mr. Tompkins has another bundle of MS. relative to poor Desard, the artist, whose character and history are both singular, and that I am hereafter to see it.

W. B. R.

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