

*The Clarion, January, 1956*

## **CHARLES RANGER**

I saw a notice in a morning paper. It said that Charles Ranger was at rest. It is thus a newspaper notes the passing of an age.

The principles of Charles Ranger were evident to the most casual acquaintance—principles which, if they could be transfused as he wished into the dead bones of Protestantism, and translated by clergy and laity into ethical conduct, might well mark a new Reformation.

He was a lonely man. There were those around him whom he loved and who loved and trusted him in return, but for the world where his other self lived—that kingdom of the mind which cannot be deceived by shams and false standards and false credentials—there was far too little companionship. Charles Ranger was not understood because there were too few who knew what he knew, or who could feel what he felt or see what he could see.

His religion—but certainly not his standard of conduct—was obscure. There was nothing about him which savoured of servility and it was a canon of the conduct of his private and business affairs that a god of truth is best served by those methods which help to elicit the truth.

His name had no degree letters following it; none deferred to his opinions as they would to those of a learned doctor; the salutations in the market-places were not for him. Yet for all that, when it fell to his lot to correct the learned gentlemen—and it frequently did—a deep silence fell upon them (for learned gentlemen rarely vent their eloquence in the fact of simple truth).

He was man of many achievements, and as an organist was held in high regard. There are those who consider that the loss to music was not compensated by the gain to Protestantism when he became editor of *The Clarion*.

Among newspaper editors he was unique. Those who have had experience with newspaper editors will know that nowhere in the British Empire was to be found an editor of greater moral courage or an editor of less bombast. *The Clarion* was a struggling newspaper, but it struggled only because he would not submit to any pressure group nor prostitute his conscience to the dictates of circulation. The set of the sails, not the gales, determined the course of his life.

Let those who have a regard for Truth mourn the passing of this man.

E. P. WIXTED