

# The Queensland Baptist Forum

The Journal of the Baptist Historical Society of Queensland  
(formerly: *Baptist Historical Society of Qld Newsletter*)

No. 51 Apr 2002

## Announcing the Festival of Baptist Heritage 2002

Focus on

### ***Jireh Baptist Church***

1862-1978

and its legacy of great church plants  
Albion (1882), Nundah (1888), Windsor Road (1874)  
(and their daughter churches)

*Current and former members and friends specially invited  
to join in giving thanks*

at

**Centenary Baptist Community Church**  
Horizon Drive, Middle Park  
(which benefited from the sale of the Jireh property)

**Sat May 18**

Buffet Dinner 6 pm (bring a plate or a donation)

Main Program 7.15 - 9pm

featuring

*displays, music, historical reviews, progress and future of the churches*

RSVP for meal May 10 Phone 3376 4339

(Please publicize this event in your church news and announcements)

### **The Baptist Historical Society of Queensland**

(est. 1984)

#### **Membership (2002)**

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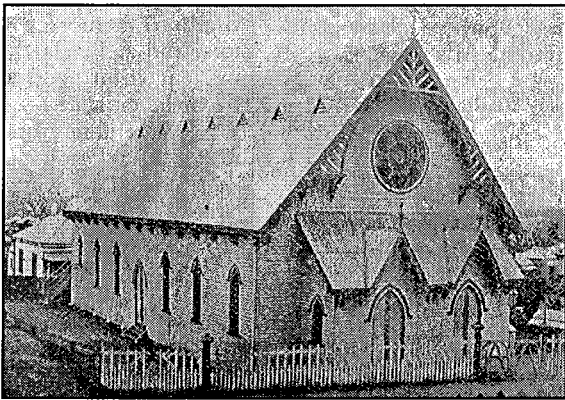
## Early Baptist Churches in Queensland No 7

### WINDSOR ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH

Reproduced from *The Queensland Baptist* Mar 1901 p 35

We continue the reproduction of a series of articles on early Baptist churches in Queensland which appeared in *The Queensland Baptist*. These articles present some interesting details of the churches and buildings. One of the features of the original series was a photograph of the church with each article. Recent pictures of these churches will also be shown where available.

It will be readily imagined that the large and handsome building, which forms our illustration in this issue, is not the first structure erected for the Church at Windsor Road. After cottage prayer meetings in the locality, a small mission church was built in 1874 under the auspices of Jireh Church, Rev. J. Straughen being the missionary. On his removal to Ipswich, Rev. T. Leitch took up the work in August, 1875. A church of 19 members was formed in 1877, and such progress was made that the following year an enlargement of the building became necessary. On Good Friday. (1878) this was re-opened, and served for several years.



Continued increase in the congregation led to the purchase of the present site, which is a few chains higher up the road than the old building. The foundation blocks of the new edifice were laid in December, 1887, and the building was opened on 15th July, 1888. The total cost was upwards of £1,300, of which about half was raised by the date of opening and the remainder on mortgage. The mortgage would have been paid off several years ago, but unfortunately a considerable sum of money raised for that purpose was placed in one of the Building Banks which "went under" during the financial crisis of 1893.

With brave hearts the friends renewed their efforts, and on the last day of the present month, when the mortgage expires, they have every prospect of standing perfectly free of debt, upon which fact all our readers will congratulate them.

The church is one of the finest of its class in or around Brisbane. Its style will be seen from our illustration. The building is 70 feet long by 40 feet wide, and has sitting accommodation for 400



persons. The platform extends the full width of the church, and at the rear are two vestries 12 feet deep, which, by a movable partition, can be thrown into one room 40 feet by 12. The incandescent gas lights have recently been installed. We rejoice with the Windsor Road Church and its pastor (Rev. T. Leitch) in the prospect of having one of the largest and finest wooden churches in the colony free from debt. May the glory of this latter house be greater than that of the former, and there may the Lord give his peace to many a weary soul.

By Rev Wm. HIGLETT.

## **Anecdotes of Church and Manse Life**

**by Marie Kajewski (now Withers) - a daughter of the manse**

Life in the manse was probably not much different from living in ordinary homes, but it depended a lot, of course, on the character of the father who was also the pastor of the church. My Dad was a farmer before going into the ministry. This training helped him during the depression years of the 1930s to provide for his family because stipends and salaries at that time were really very low. He loved growing vegetables and flowers so the back yard of the manse was always dug up and planted with seeds. We also procured a goat which supplied us with milk but it would eat anything it could get hold of, including small items of washing from the clothes-line. Of course the clothes-line in those days was the old prop-type which could not be put up as high as the ones we have now.

I was born in 1934 when money was in short supply and it was always a family joke that I had to be paid for on time payment at so much per week. I don't think that there were public hospitals around at that time. It was also during the depression years that Dad gave away Mum's only good pair of shoes. Someone came to the manse saying that they had a job interview and didn't have a suitable pair of good shoes and could they be helped some way, so Dad lent them Mum's pair of good shoes. Of course they were to be returned, but they never were.

Birthdays were always special events, the main treat being that Dad would take us to the corner store and we would be allowed to buy a bottle or two of soft-drink. It was not refrigerated in those days, but we would proudly carry these bottles home and we would all have a share. At Christmas time there were not too many toys around. The main presents were utility things like undies and socks and things like that. We always thoroughly enjoyed these occasions and never felt that we were deprived in any way.

In most pastorates, particularly in the country, there were usually three, sometimes four, services on a Sunday, at various outlying districts and areas. At one place in the city, Dad used to walk five or so kilometres to a church in an afternoon to take a service. He did this once a month after doing the morning one at the home church. Then he would walk back to take the evening service at the main centre.

At a country church where he had a horse he would do afternoon services in an outlying place and then get back in time for the evening service. But on one occasion, the horse got sick and he had to walk with the horse a very long way to get home. Needless to say he didn't make it in time for the service, so one of the deacons took it. I believe that they had a very short service that night.

I remember we 1936 when we went to was a 1926 Chev and drive. As he had only horses, we had some experiences. We

At Christmas time there were not too many toys around. The main presents were utility things like undies and socks and things like that.

bought our first car in a country church. It Dad had to learn to been used to handling fairly hair-raising children of course

thought it was all good fun, but our poor mother was in a bit of a panic a lot of the time. Then during the war years the headlights of the cars had to be blacked out during the night, with only a very narrow slit left for light. Dad always had a good sense of direction in the country, but in the city he would easily lose his way at night. Every street looked the same, he said. In city churches he would do the visiting on foot or by public transport if there was any that was close

At another country church a kind farmer gave us a Jersey cow which we called Pet. Now the back yard had to grow some lucerne for the cow as well as vegetables for the family. My older brother was given the job each morning before school of digging up a small section of the yard which was marked out for him the night before. The local council allowed us to let Pet on to the road during the day to eat the grass on the roadside. So another of my brother's jobs was to find her each evening and bring her home for milking. He learned a lot of his school homework on these trips.

Pet had a habit of swishing her tail on to the face of the milker, so my job (as the youngest in the family) was to hold her tail as she was being milked. It was a job I absolutely hated doing – I'm sure you understand why – and I am quite sure that Dad or Mum could have come up with some alternative way of keeping the tail out of the way, but I was too young to know to suggest it.

This cow caused some problems. One day, she got into the schoolyard next door and turned the tap on at the only water tank for the school. It was the last day of the holidays and so there was great consternation at the manse. Prayer was the only way to go, and we prayed for a miracle. God answered with a huge thunderstorm that night and overflowed the tank. We were all so thankful, especially since the headmaster of that school was a bit hard to get on with.

My second oldest brother, with some of his mates, used to take great delight in tying Pet up at the entrance to the ladies' toilet at the church. She was a large cow, so there was no way of getting past her. Then they had quite a few laughs as they watched some of the ladies wanting to use the toilet.

Dad was very much a caring pastor, and I will remember how he would help people in practical ways – widows with handyman jobs, and farmers with harvesting their crops when they needed some extra help. He helped make bricks for building a new church in a country town. There would be working bees on the Saturday and on the following Monday, Dad would spend the morning making more bricks. This went on for many months. There were also weekly religious education days at schools and he would spend the rest of the day visiting the folk who lived in the area. These were very busy times.

We had lots of speakers or other visitors calling in or staying with us. Our mother was always the gracious and lovely hostess wanting to please the guest. As she was a very quiet person and not used to entertaining, she sometimes found it a little difficult. On one occasion, she was asked by the guest to do a boiled egg for his breakfast. "Not too hard and not too soft" was his request. Poor mum was really worrying about this, but Dad came to the rescue, took the egg and placed it next to our visitor. We never did know whether it was "just right".

One of the highlights of the church year in those days was a lantern lecture, as it was called. This was where the missionary, home on furlough, would show their photo slides using a very antiquated projector called a lantern with rather poor lighting (not electric, of course) and project it on to a wall of the church or a large screen which was usually one of mum's bedsheets. These were great nights and attracted a lot of people. I loved having these missionaries staying in the manse and telling us about the people they worked amongst.

Another highlight was the Easter convention with visiting speakers, usually from interstate. They were times of great blessing and many lives changed as they accepted Jesus as their Saviour and Lord. The church and gallery were filled to capacity and after the services the ladies and some of the men would provide a lunch of ham - off the bone - sandwiches, and billy tea. The water for the tea would be in a big copper wash boiler with a fire burning underneath it. It was a man's job to keep the fire stoked and the water boiling – no electric urns back then. These were the sort of wash boilers that were used in the home laundry and it was into one of these that my sister, twenty months old at the time, accidentally fell and was badly scalded and died. A very sad time for the family, but it made us very sympathetic and understanding to families who lose children through tragic accidents.

Another thing about the way my Dad provided for the family was by keeping hens so we always had fresh eggs. This combined with our fresh milk and vegetables meant we had nutritious and healthy meals. The wire netting for the chook run was the last thing to be put on the furniture van when we were moving to a new location and therefore the first thing to be removed and set up and the hens installed. They would usually end up as a roast chicken dinner but the bantam hens that we kept as pets never did – they were always allowed to die a natural death.

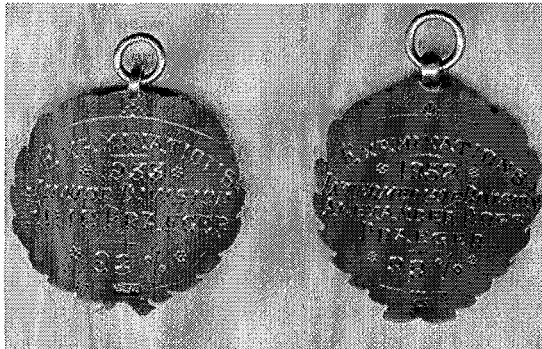
Swaggies were constant callers in the pre-war years often fairly late at night, requesting food and shelter. Mum would make up food for them and Dad would bed them down in the pavilion of the church across the road from the manse. The pavilion was a building next to the church with just a roof and three walls with benches, used for church lunches and fellowship teas in the same way we use our church halls today. Some of the swaggies claimed to be Christians and one always carried a large black Bible, but Christian or not, they were always helped physically and spiritually. However Christian or not, they were always helped physically and spiritually.

Then there were the frogs in the palm stand who would often join in the singing and croak out loudly in the midst of the quiet prayer times during the services – hugely amusing for the children. One time a bird got caught in the bellows of the old pedal organ and squawked out loudly. Fortunately it was released before it got squashed. Pedalling those organs in hot weather when we would be wearing stockings on our legs was very hot work. It was a great day when we could have electric fans beside us. These were the days when ladies all wore hats and gloves. It is so good to have more relaxed fashion styles now.

Life in the manse was good, always interesting, never quite knowing what the day would bring forth, lots of fun and laughter. None of us could leave the breakfast table before Dad (or Mum if Dad wasn't home) had led us in family devotions. As Dad would usually eat some garlic after breakfast – he had heard it was very good for your health so he had to try it – we kids didn't want to sit too close to him. Money was nearly always in very short supply but unconditional love never was. This, combined with our parents' example of godly living and showing the grace of God were part of the reason, I am sure, that my siblings and I are now walking with the Lord and serving Him.

## Relics of Sunday School Exams

by Melvin Williams



Who can remember sitting for the annual Sunday School Scripture exams? If so, you were probably a scholar in the 1950's. Can you remember hoping to gain a medal?

Three gold medals have recently been donated to the Historical Society. They are dated 1901, 1932 and 1933, and each has a story to tell. Probably a fuller story could be told were one to trace the subsequent lives of the recipients. A fellow collector has a gold medal for the Intermediate exam for 1953. The young lady who won it is the mother of two daughters, both wives to well-known ministers. I only discovered the connection because 49 years later she is actively involved in my own church.

In an earlier article in the Society magazine I told the story of the Brisbane Sunday School Union which was formed in 1869 embracing all the Protestant Sunday Schools in Brisbane. In 1892 it changed its name to the Queensland Sunday School Union. From 1885 when exams were introduced through to 1900 medals were awarded for exams in Old Testament and New Testament. In 1900 changes were made to encourage more children to participate. Exams were now in three divisions, senior, intermediate and junior with sub-divisions being introduced later as more scholars

entered. The first awards were in 1901 and all went to Baptist children.

Senior Gold medal - Julia Mabel Ross City Tabernacle

Inter Gold medal - Leonard J H Earle Jireh

Junior Gold medal - Bernard Lloyd Taringa

The medal in the society's possession is the senior gold medal. It is of considerable interest as it is the first of the new medals and the only one so far seen in modern times. It is 16 carat gold with a silver mounted Bible with the words LIFE IN CHRIST. It was crafted by a local jeweller, John T Snow, trading at 117 Queen Street, Brisbane. Though medals were awarded through till 1917 their non-appearance remains a mystery.

With the demise of the QSSU the Queensland Baptist SS Department decided to conduct their own examinations and award their own medals. The first exams were held in 1922 with medal awards as follows:

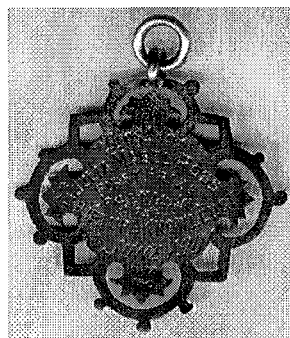
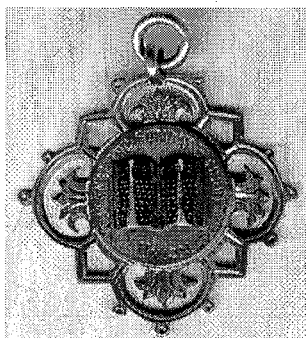
Senior Gold medal - G E Margaret Dix Toowong

Inter Gold medal - Louise Catherine Grimes Albion

Junior Gold medal - Grace Norma Whale Vulture Street

The Department issued these medals until 1933 when Federal exams replaced the Queensland exams. Medals slightly smaller were awarded to the top Queensland scholars until 1953 when certificates replaced them.

The medals for 1932 and 1933 were both awarded in the Intermediate Division, that in 1932 to Alexander Ross **Praeger** with 99%, who also won it in the same division in 1931. The 1933 medal was won by Eric **Praeger**, presumably a brother, with 98%. Both were from Albion Sunday School. They are



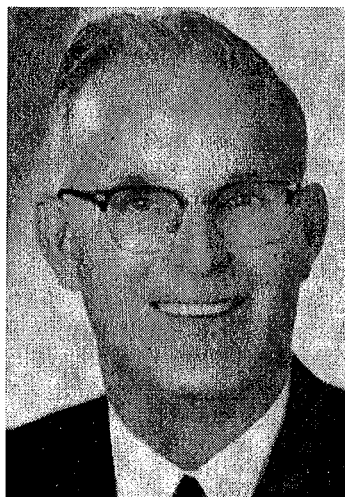
of 9 carat gold, slightly different, possibly indicating that they were made each year. They are the last years of the second series.

The third series from 1934 to 1953 should be more common, though perhaps recipients still hold them. Any medals no longer wanted will be gratefully received by the Baptist Historical Society, where they can be displayed from time to time. I also have a partial list of all awardees from 1901 and would like to complete it. Information, especially for the 1940's would be welcome.

## **SAMUEL LANE - THE FORMATIVE YEARS OF HIS LIFE AND MINISTRY**

*Part 1: His family, conversion and training  
Adapted from an essay*

**By John Lane**



Samuel Lane was born on June 1, 1903 in England to John, a veteran of the Indian and South Africa wars and his wife Elizabeth. In October 1912, the Lanes with their six children arrived in Sydney and travelled to a sheep and cattle station named "Wongwibinda", forty miles from Armidale, where John worked as a station hand and homestead gardener. In 1922 he moved his family (then grown-up) to Armidale and bought a small farm on what is now the corner of Queen Elizabeth Drive and Elm Avenue at the entrance to the grounds of the University of New England.

After finishing his schooling at primary level, Samuel had begun his working life as a boundary rider on "Wongwibinda". He then joined his brother Jack for work at Willawarren on the Macleay River, but relocated to Armidale to help his father develop the new property into a commercial enterprise.

Because his parents threw in their lot with the Armidale Baptist Church, Samuel went along there also, at first just to give them pleasure. However, quite early he came under conviction of sin, and through the ministry of Rev. E.J. Rogers, who began at the church in 1923, came to make a decision for Christ. From that point he never looked back in his Christian walk, being

helped especially by a man not much older than himself, named Ben Price. Armidale Baptist Church became the hub of his life, with the long walk from his home to the church in Rusden Street repeated every Sunday for attendance at both services and the Christian Endeavour meeting.

He began to speak at open-air meetings, but one day the Pastor asked him if he would preach the next Sunday at Dumaresq, one of the outstations. Samuel agreed to do so, but as the time drew near he was petrified! What would he say? How would he fill out the time? He put two of his open-air talks together, and managed to spin out ten minutes. His sister Kathleen was present, and said later, "Sam did well." So began for Samuel a ministry of preaching that God was to crown with blessing over the many years to come. His pursuit of this calling would see him become a herald of the Gospel both in New South Wales and Queensland and for a very brief time in Tasmania.

The call to the ministry grew and persisted, supported by both his parents and his church. Samuel comments:

In course of time, I made known a wish to enter the full time ministry. When my parents learned of this they insisted that I proceed with an application to enter College. At this stage the Market Garden had by no means become a profitable venture and for me to withdraw my assistance would add to the burden on Father's shoulders. However, my parents insisted that I proceed with my application.

Samuel often referred to the experience about to be related here. It was so sacred to him that it needs to be expressed in his own words. He had travelled to Sydney, the first time he had been to that great city since embarking from the ship that had brought him to Australia in 1912.

I was required to present myself before a Committee, convened at the Church then known as the Cathedral Baptist Church, a newly built, and, by Baptist standards, a quite magnificent edifice (Auburn Baptist Church). One requirement was that I must deliver a sermon before a very select company that included the College Principal, the Rev. G.H. Morling, the Rev. Cleugh Black, a recognized orator among Baptists, the Rev. E. Clatworthy, a man possessing a magnificent speaking voice, and quite a number of eminent Baptists. I must confess that this took the heart out of the applicant, who, up to this time, had known contact with only one Baptist assembly, made up of quite humble folk. To make a long story short the applicant did his best at the attempt at preaching, but shortly afterwards, in conversation with the Principal, stated that he had better retrace his steps to Armidale and forget the ministry. I shall never forget the gracious word

directed to me by the Principal. He said 'We have heard you preach and we think that you may possess a gift in that direction – and what you haven't got we think we can give you.' He insisted that we persist with the application and to his gracious reasoning we yielded.

The practice in those days was for aspiring ministers to fulfil a probationary period of twelve months in a Church, usually under a Senior Minister stationed nearby. Samuel was appointed for this purpose to Griffith, a relatively new town in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area of New South Wales, where a Baptist Church had been formed on October 8, 1924. A church building was erected in 1925. The Minutes of a meeting of the Home Mission Committee in 1927 list Samuel's name with Griffith Church along with a salary of ten pounds. The Griffith Baptist Church Historical Survey 1924-1974, tells the story of early pastoral care:

*Samuel was a single man when he went to Griffith, and lived in the church vestry. This church building has been superseded by a more substantial structure on the same site where the old one stood. But the old building has been preserved, sadly not in a very good state of repair. It stands now in the Pioneer Park Museum. Samuel certainly found himself "thrown in at the deep end." A story he told in later years was that no sooner had he arrived than he was called to the hospital to visit a dying man, and was at a loss about what to say in such a situation. Apparently this man soon died, for very early he had a funeral on his hands, and again he felt that he was unsuited for such a task. However, by God's grace, Samuel survived the ordeal, and, from all reports, ministered in a very acceptable way to the congregation.*

Samuel's training at the New South Wales Baptist College, then situated at Granville in Sydney, began early in 1928. He was appointed as Student Pastor to the Church at Ingleburn for twelve months. This appointment was extended twice, and so his ministry there was longer than most exercised there in those early days. During this time Samuel invited a young lady he had met to sing a solo at church services on occasions. It was Freda Varnes whom he had met through her older brother Frank - also a student at the Baptist College. (Note: Freda died 8 March 2002)

A small, faded leaflet bears the heading, "The Church of the Hearty Welcome." Underneath is a photograph of the Ingleburn Baptist Church building, a sturdy weatherboard structure, now used for Sunday School and Youth Group purposes. Underneath the photograph are the words, "19th Anniversary of the Ingleburn Baptist Church." On opening the leaflet the reader is informed that Evangelist W.L. Jarvis will speak at the Saturday night meeting. Then the events of the Sunday Services for September 7th 1930 are outlined: "11.15 am Pastor: S. Lane. Soloist: Miss F. Varnes, L.L.C.M."

Mention should be made that Samuel played some part in the recommencement of Baptist services at Liverpool, against, it would seem, the better judgment of the leaders of the Baptist Union of NSW. The work here had lapsed following a chequered history. Mr Colin Wilson of the Ingleburn Church, and formerly connected with the Liverpool work, expressed years later to the writer the indebtedness of Liverpool Church to Pastor Samuel Lane for his vision in assisting the re-establishment of the Baptist witness there.

Samuel would travel to Ingleburn by train for the Sunday Services, then back to Granville, where Principal Morling would ask the returning Student Pastors how events had fared for them that day. These were halcyon days for the fledgling Baptist Theological College of New South Wales. The men in training had the touch of the Evangel imparted to them, and became invariably soul-winning Pastors. Samuel paid tribute near the end of his life to the effect these days of training had upon him:

*How can I adequately express my thankfulness to God for the four years spent at the feet of Principal and Lecturers – all men of God! It opened up life with new spiritual dimensions to the young man from the bush. I state this with all the sincerity of my heart as I review those years. What I saw in the lives of Sydney Baptists in those days made strong appeal. This, coupled with the solid grounding in the Word of God received whilst in College, placed a solid foundation underfoot. Not only was Sam Lane presented with a message to proclaim to all and sundry, but his faith in a gracious Saviour was confirmed with regard to his own salvation.*

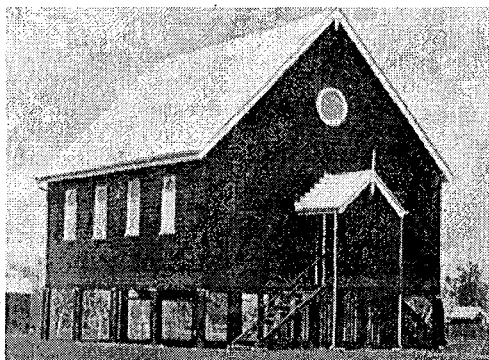
His ministry right from these early days and through to its completion was one of heart-warming proclamation of the gospel of God's grace in Christ. Sunday evening services were always given over to the preaching of the gospel, and appeals were frequent. The Christians were not neglected, though. The Sunday morning message was usually expository, taking a passage of Scripture and drawing lessons from it that related to the living of the Christian life. He was not a teacher in the tradition of, say, John Stott, unfolding the meaning of a chapter of Scripture, or of a biblical book. However he could expound the Word, drawing on expositors such as Alexander Maclaren for his ideas and thoughts. For evangelistic inspiration, he loved the sermons of T.T. Shields of Canada, and George W. Truett of Dallas, Texas. Although he would say with typical unassuming attitude, "I'm no great shakes at anything much; just a simple fellow" he was in fact a dedicated and effective pastor/evangelist.

At the conclusion of his college course, Samuel was ordained in 1931 at the Petersham Baptist Church.

## ***Coorparoo Church Re-cycled after 91 Years***

On 23 Dec 2001, Coorparoo Baptist Church ceased to exist as a fellowship due to declining numbers, but the building was made available to the Korean Baptist fellowship which formerly met at the City Tabernacle. It was an deliberate choice of the Coorparoo Church to make the decision to disband while it was still functional. It saw the re-cycling of the building as a good way of ensuring the witness would continue, even if the old church fellowship was not able to revive itself.

Work was first started in the area in June 1901 when Evangelist W.H. Harris completed a period of service with the Dunellan Estate (Greenslopes) church and seeking another field of ministry, discovered the Coorparoo area. He said it was "fully a mile in any direction from any church" and therefore a good place to start a Baptist mission.



**The original Coorparoo Baptist Church**

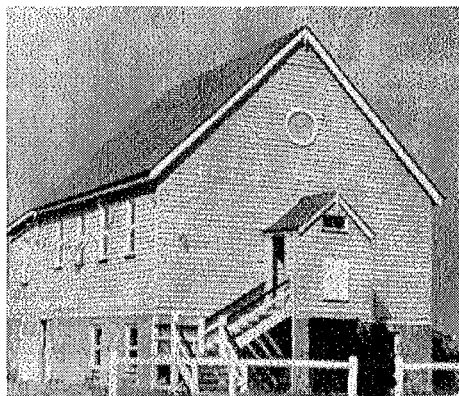
Erected 1910 Seating 130 Cost £220  
Size 30' x 28'

The first services took place on the verandah Groom's store in the area, and there was a good response. So land was purchased in Temple Street, and the first building erected immediately. It was a 30 x 28 foot weatherboard structure, capable of seating 150 people, costing 220 when it was opened debt-free on 17 July that year.

The fellowship was constituted as a church 18 Dec 1924. Over the years it was led by a number of well known ministers including Ernest Edwards, J.W. Fletcher, F.J.C. Stone and F.D. Williams (who had two pastorates there). For the first several decades, its reported membership was quite small, but it began to grow in the late 1950s and during the 1960s it hovered around 50. The greatest number was 64 in 1985.

The old building was extended in 1927 to provide Sunday School accommodation. A completely new brick building was erected in 1969 to cope with the growth.

In recent years, church numbers and work declined, making it difficult to maintain the witness and the property. So the present membership made the decision late in 2001 to disband and release the building through the Baptist Union for the Korean fellowship. A colourful "handing the baton" service, led by the interim pastor, Rev G. Morcom, was held to mark the event, almost exactly 77 years after the church had been formed, and 91 years after the work commenced in the area. Rev Yong Chon received the baton for the Korean church, and Rev Ken



**The church with Sunday School accommodation at rear, 1927**



**The current church, dating from 1969**

Conwell, as Director of Administrative Services for the Baptist Union preached the sermon.

The records of the church have been lodged with the Baptist Archives.