

June, 2005

Dear F/friends--

*Reeve and Sabina have flown home, I've been to study Ballitore, and I'm back at Woodbrooke, hopefully to pull together some of the things that I've gathered. This will be the final installment of the Job Scott Journal. I don't really expect to make any thrilling discoveries in Birmingham, but if I do, you'll have to wait to hear about them when I get back. So here's "Following Job, Part VII," plus an Epilogue.*

## **Scott Journal , Part VII**

**25 May, Wednesday (continued)**--Ballitore. First impression--very tiny village (more housing up the road, maybe?). Big signs on the main highway: "QUAKER VILLAGE." It was in fact founded by Quakers, and is home to the only locally situated Quaker heritage museum in Ireland. Mary Shackleton Leadbeater's nicely restored house (she was a friend and admirer of JS--like many of her family) is both museum and public library.

Village does need help--it's a mix of buildings, some simply shabby, some badly decayed (no doors, windows, roofs--nice crop of weeds and old beer cans inside) though some are very nicely restored.

Walked up to the Meeting House--and had an odd reaction. It's forbidding--looks like a tiny castle, complete with window slits on the ground floor and a very high wall around a small courtyard. Why? When most of the neighbors were Quakers? Defense against "worldliness" with bells on? (No distractions to worship on our territory, thank you very much?)

Paradoxically (?), Ballitore was also home to nationally famous Ballitore School for boys; its headmasters were several generations of Shackletons (Mary Leadbeater's grandfather, father, and brother), progressive, well educated, thoughtful men who were also deeply committed Friends. The founder, Abraham, opened the school to non-Friends, taught Latin and Greek classics in their original languages (required for university entry)-- except those which recommended the "illusions of love" or glorified war. The great Edmund Burke was a graduate--never a Friend, he was nonetheless profoundly grateful to the school and maintained a life-long correspondence with the Shackletons. Abraham II (grandson of Abraham I, and Job's contemporary) began to question both literalistic readings of the Bible and the dictates of London Yearly Meeting (of which all Irish Quakers were then a part). And JS saw (but probably didn't recognize) the first gale warnings of a gathering storm of conflict that was to shake Irish Quakerism. Much of what he wrote and preached was later quoted by the Shackletons and others in their own defense. Some called him a prophet.

Anyway, I decided to stay outside the village when I came back. Didn't care for MH, only B&B was a bit pricey, and village in and of itself didn't seem to have much to offer. Plus, somebody was burning trash--foul smelling smoke hung over the village square--never an enticing prospect for the traveller.

Then we were off again--through the Wicklow Mountains by means of Wicklow Gap, a spectacular barren pass, crossed by a modern road and another, very ancient

one known as the "Pilgrim Way"--possibly used by pilgrims going to St. Kevin's Shrine, but probably was also the road through the mountains even in prehistoric times. A small high lake in the pass is known as Lough Nahanagan--"Lake of the Beast"--gotta be a story there! --though there is a modern "beast" lurking under (literally) the nearest mountain--a power station that uses water power to generate electricity.

Then back down to Glendalough again, and the excellent hostel near the ruins. Good to collapse there after a long day--even had a four bed dorm room to ourselves.

**26 May, Thursday**--Gorgeous day! Spent morning at the hostel, catching up my journal; R&S out hiking the mountain trails around the upper lake. They're great outdoorswomen (got it from their dad, not me) and it's a wonderful place for hikers--trails all over the place designed for walkers of varying abilities who want to investigate the most gorgeous mountain scenery in Ireland. It's a glacial valley--perpendicular sides in some places. Two lakes, ancient ruins all over the valley floor--it's a national park, so it's well cared for--and free! (except the video and exhibit at the Visitor Centre) I did walk up to the Poulanness Falls after lunch--"hanging" falls which shoot out of a narrow gully sliced off by the glacier. Never mind if I sound like the Irish Tourist Board--if you visit Ireland, [see this place](#). (With a weekend on the west coast squeezed in!)

**27 May, Friday**--Back to Bray. R&S off to Dublin where Reeve's boyfriend Glenn and his sister Nicolle will meet them at the hostel. I check into modest hotel; will turn in the big car in the AM--but for tonight, managed somehow to get it in---verrrrry slowly--to the hotel parking lot through a narrow alley past giant rubbish bins on one side and huge pile of dirt on the other (they're digging up every road in Ireland this spring).

**28 May, Saturday**--Into Dublin via the delightful DART to meet R, S, and rest of crew for dinner. Left early so could do some errands on Grafton St. and see who the featured street artists are today--there's a bagpiper and a group of Hare Krishna's (thought they'd evaporated with the sixties) playing the usual drums and bells, but with an addition: an accordion(!)

Met R&S et al to discover their plans to go to New Grange fell through because Glenn's sister heedlessly left her passport and money on the hostel bed while she showered--"Everybody there seemed so nice!" Well somebody wasn't, so Nicolle and Glenn, with Reeve along for moral support spent day in the Garda (Police) station. Sabina went off to a museum. N was leaving tomorrow, but now must stay 'til Tuesday--with no money--Embassy closed due to US Memorial Day. (Thought embassies were supposed to be always available to citizens for emergencies--this isn't one???)

**29 May Sunday**--Attended a fairly innocuous service at Presbyterian Church across street. Were announcements about ecumenical activities with the Roman Catholics--seemed very much like home--until one realizes that few a hundred miles north, a good Presbyterian wouldn't be caught dead in a Catholic Church--consorting with the enemy! Recent newspaper editorial commented that most people in England and in the Republic of Ireland really don't understand why this stupid tribalism persists. But my

time in the north convinced me that it really is changing, especially recently as it becomes clear that the IRA is more and more involved in crime and violence that has nothing to do with "patriotism."

Great evening--R,S, G and N came out to Bray in late afternoon--all but S hiked up to Bray Head; she went sketching somewhere. Then we all went to the traditional music session at the pub next door to my hotel. Great music! Man at the next table even hauled me up to dance--though my skills at Irish Step Dancing are next to nil! Grand time had by all!

R&S leave tomorrow--I miss them already--we had such a great time!

**30 May, Monday**--met crew at hostel to go out to airport--I'd offered to pay for taxi, but people kept wandering off. Taxi was waiting and only S was there, guarding everybody's luggage. Talk about trying to herd cats!

Everybody seen safely off at last--except poor Nicolle, who must hang around and deal with American Embassy tomorrow.

**31 May, Tuesday**--First day out driving alone in new teeny-weeny car--delightful little black Opel. Doesn't have the power or easy handling of the big Toyota (that could climb mountains in fourth gear!) But oh, the relief of feeling that when I meet some elephantine tour bus (and they are everywhere, even on the narrowest country roads) I've got room to move over without losing the side door to the nearest stone wall--also a feature of many narrow Irish lanes.

Lovely B&B tonight--an old coaching inn part way down the Vale of Avoca--with a surprisingly comfortable window seat, a window box full of geraniums, and old fashioned wooden shutters that close from the inside.

**1 June, Wednesday**--In a wonderful country home/working farm B&B near Kilkea Castle (a real castle, now a hotel). Have discovered both of the owners have Quaker ancestors--Godfrey Greene is a descendant of the Greenes of RI, and a distant relation of General Nathaniel Greene. His wife Marion is a descendant of the Jacobs--Waterford Quakers who made Jacobs Biscuits. Both very hospitable.

Athy is 20 minutes drive to the northwest, Ballitore 20 minutes to the northeast--and they are 20 minutes from each other. Athy (pronounced At-high) has two plusses--a MH visited by Scott, and a public library with surprising amounts of stuff on Quakers. Finished off afternoon with quick trip to Ballitore--arrived just a half hour before the Ballitore Museum/Public Library closed, and met the wonderful Mary Malone, the enthusiastic librarian/curator--a large, grandmotherly woman known to every one in Ballitore simply as Mary--and apparently to the folks of Athy as well--or at any rate, to the library staff. She sat me at the library table, produced a cup of tea, a small mountain of fruitcake and shortbread, and a book full of transcribed letters from Mary Bewley in Dublin (of the Bewley's Coffee House family) to her friend Molly (Mary Shackleton Leadbeater)--Job stayed with the Bewleys in Dublin and Mary B's brother Thomas (Tommy) accompanied Job on his visit to the north of Ireland. Six (!) of the letters refer

to Job's visit to Ireland (JACKPOT!!) Judging from the tone, I think she may have had a bit of a crush on him--it's certainly hero worship, at the very least.

And Mary Shackleton Leadbeater deserves a whole book to herself. Member of a leading Quaker family in Ballitore, she was postmistress, purveyor of kindly gossip, and gifted recorder of the ordinary life of the village and its people, Quaker and non-Quaker alike. Her book, *The Annals of Ballitore*, (as well as several other books) were published, and had a wide circulation. Two of her books, *The Annals* and *Cottage Dialogues* are now classics read by Quakers and non-Quakers for their detailed descriptions of Irish village life at the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries; her descriptions of the horrors of being alternately occupied by rebels and soldiers during the Rising of 1798 are widely quoted. (They dragged mattresses on to the floor to sleep, to avoid the bullets whistling through the windows--and that was by no means the worst of it.)

Mary promised to make me copies of all the letters to take tomorrow.

Lovely evening back at the Greene's--Godfrey built me a wonderful fire in the sitting room, and stayed to chitchat.

**3 June, Friday**--Morning by the sitting room fire, working at a tiny writing desk while Marion produced shortbread and large cups of cappuccino (sp?)--ah, luxury! Trivia note--there's a little sign on the front window, "Beware of dog." Said dog is Leo, an enormous golden Labrador mix--the main danger is that he might sit on your foot and trip you when you get up. He also might prevent you from rising with a large paw in your lap if you stop scratching his ears. He does bark--but only at people he hasn't met yet. In short, a total cream puff.

Off to Athy library. A garrison town in Scott's day, it has a small castle guarding its equally small bridge over the River Barrow. Useful to remember when one gets too gloomy about the state of the world, that the English and Irish no longer build castles for garrisons to keep the locals under control--even army bases are disappearing in the North of Ireland--may they never return! Now--in the Republic of Ireland, anyway--there are the Gardai--citizens themselves, not troops of the monarch or the lord. (Ballitore has a delightful Garda station--office at one end--traditional blue "Garda" lamp at the door; house at the other end, with backyard full of little kids toys)

No more Quakers in Athy--old MH in a sad state--boarded up windows and door, courtyard of cracked and broken paving. But the cracks and bare spots are full of wildflowers in full bloom.

Back to Ballitore again, more tea and cake and books from Mary, the treasure of the village. Everybody coming in got introduced: "This is Marnie, a lady from America." Mary produced another book of letters--none about Scott, but charming and poignant letters home from two young boys, John Bewley and his little brother William (nephews of Thomas and Mary). Both entered the Ballitore school (at ages 6 and 7) the August before Job died--they didn't mention him, but would certainly have known about his arrival. The letters give a wonderful image of school life in Scott's day. John sends home copies of maps he has drawn for geography class, says they have gone sledding,

and later complains to his father “Please tell the master to make William stop drinking the ink!” (apparently little boys haven’t changed very much over the last 2 centuries).

Received a big goodbye hug from Mary, and walked down to burial ground--a fair number of graves with markers, including most of the Shackletons--but Job’s grave (as I already knew) is unmarked--as are many others. He might have requested that, but a local historian who kindly looked up the MM record for me suggested the Shackletons might have been concerned that his grave would become a shrine, since by this time he was regarded by a number of Irish Friends with an admiration little short of adoration. (London Friends had the same concern about G. Fox’s grave, and went to considerable lengths to prevent its exact location from being known.)

Burial ground has a lovely site--a view over the village. Trees hide the housing estates off to the west, so from here it actually must look very much as it did when Scott saw it--small, peaceful, nestling in a shallow valley on the banks of a little river bordered by hay fields, and rich pastureland occupied by a placid herd of black and white cows.

**4 June, Saturday**--Libraries closed for Bank Holiday weekend. Cloudy and chilly. Decided that rather than try to fit in a visit to one more MH, I’d rather have an unpressured day, gathering up both thoughts and possessions for the trip back to Bray. I’ve seen a lot now--it’s time to make a closing, and consider what I’ve found and what I’m supposed to do with it.

## Epilogue

My perspective has shifted. I came to follow Job’s tracks, hoping to discover how English and Irish Friends responded to him. That was easier in Ireland than in England, because official records are mostly uninformative or conventional, and there are more Irish letters and journals available, perhaps because he had a greater long term impact there.

That purpose remained, but was expanded by another--trying to understand what Job was seeing and how he reacted to it. That meant digging into both Quaker and national histories of the time. This was fascinating--most of it quite new to me. Job doesn’t talk much about local events, though he did describe a riot in Cootehill where British troops and local residents battled up and down the main street of the town. Such clashes were becoming more common as simmering hostility made open rebellion only a matter of time.

So it was an uneasy and increasingly turbulent time to live in. There were most certainly “wars and the rumors of wars.” (Matt. 24:6) Nation was rising up against nation (Matt. 24:7) England was already fighting in France; rumors of a French invasion constantly floated about, even among Friends. The Irish situation was far worse--resentment of English oppression was growing, inspired in part by the success of the American Revolution.

But when Job records his reactions to events, he interprets them in a theological way, not the political or social way which shaped the vision of other men of his time. There is no way I or any other scholar can ever know precisely what Job thought or felt, yet he was very intelligent, spiritually sensitive, and deeply thoughtful about his own spiritual experiences. He remarks on the “corruption” and injustice that characterized both the treatment of Quakers (and of course other Dissenters) in England and even more, the English governance of Ireland, particularly in regard to the greed and exploitation which characterized the system of tithes, and the lack of “true religion” among the clergy of all denominations. These are amply confirmed by other sources, but Job “reads” them theologically, using the Biblical imagery he knows so well--as signs of the End Times. He is sure the “mystical Whore of Babylon”--represented primarily by the Anglican Church, which he sees as the toxic source of all corruption--is about to be overthrown. Yet in 1798, it became clear that at least one of the awful events he felt coming was not the wrath of God, but the wrath of the Irish.

Moreover, as Job and many others agreed, the Society of Friends was in a “low state.” He wrote to Martha Routh, “Low lies the life in these Northern Climes, and Truth has too much fallen in the Streets of our poor faded Society.” He continued, “My little services be mostly among other Societies [i.e., other Dissenters, such as Methodists, and--especially in Ireland--Presbyterians] Amongst them is much the most both of Enlargement and substantial Relish to my tribulated [sic] Soul.” Membership was declining. Job saw, and commented on, the worldliness of some Friends, their self-satisfaction and sense of spiritual superiority, and their tendency to rely on following the letter of Scripture or of the Book of Discipline to sustain the Society, rather than on union with the Spirit. He deplores this tendency “to centre in lifeless formality,” and complained to Martha Routh that among Friends he often found that “a listless, stupid Silence prevail[s] over all, as dead a Form as any in the Land.” Furthermore, during the time of Job’s visit to Ireland, the first stirrings of dissension between Friends were beginning in the some of the very Meetings he visited. The “Little Apocalypse” of Matthew 24 must have seemed to be coming true before his eyes. (*“And then many will fall away, and betray one another, and hate one another.” Matt. 24:10*) No wonder that he speaks of ‘reading the signs’ and being convinced that he cannot be mistaken.

Knowing what was happening not only among Friends but in the world at large can shed considerable light on the Journal and on other statements attributed to Scott at this time. I believe, for instance, that it explains his increasingly apocalyptic tone, and the intensification of his opposition to “hireling priests,” whom he came to see not just as “eclipsing” the Spirit (his image) but actively leading people astray.

What he missed, of course--because a political vision was not part of his world vision--was the possibility of alternative readings of events. In some sense, he wasn’t equipped to understand that the world of Europe and America were in the throes of a profound cultural shift. Scientific and political thought were altering the way people saw the world, and were challenging both rulers and theologians. Friends tried to be in but not of the world--but they couldn’t escape being affected by this. And Friends are what they are today because of what began to happen at this time--and continued to happen well into the 19th and 20th centuries.

On this journey, I have come to feel that instead of my “following” Job, he has become my companion and guide. He pointed me to things I never expected to study. He couldn’t see them clearly himself, because his vision (as is true for all of us) was limited by his particular beliefs about the nature of the world and the ways of God. He surely knew, for instance, that his good and dear friends, the Shackletons of Ballitore, were as deeply troubled as he was by (in the words of the great Irish Quaker historian, Isabel Grubb) “the tendency to reduce religion to doctrinal statements and declarations of creed.” But was Job at all aware that his friend and contemporary Abraham Shackleton II (then headmaster of Ballitore school) was beginning to wonder about the older ways of reading Scripture? and to be troubled by the contradictions, especially between the warlike God of the Old Testament and the great Advocate of peace in the New? There is no evidence that such issues ever arose for Job, yet Abraham II and others were inspired by Job’s words (again as Isabel Grubb says) to a “spirit of reaction” against the growing evangelical movement, with its insistence on the primacy of Scripture and on Biblical literalism.

I too, of course, have a vision limited by my beliefs--but I do have the advantage over Job in knowing what happened next. (And knowing the history of Job, I hope I will be given the gift of uncertainty when I start trying to “read the signs.”) I know about the rising of ‘98. And I know what miserable things Irish Quakers went on to do to each other. What would Job have thought if he had known how his writings would be seized upon to justify an increasingly “liberal” interpretation of Scripture and of the concept of Salvation? Being dead, he couldn’t stand up and object that he was being quoted out of context, or that this or that idea wasn’t quite what he meant. Yet his words became a significant influence on the dissension which eventually led to a split in Irish Quakerism.

At this point, I also found myself wondering--as I sat by the lovely fire in the Greene’s sitting room--what did I get out of visiting all those Meeting Houses--or in many cases, Meeting Houses that replaced the ones that Job saw, or, in some instances, just places where Meeting Houses once stood. One answer is a very non-utilitarian one--it was just fun. And interesting--pursuing Meeting Houses led me to parts of England and Ireland it would never have occurred to me to visit--Frenchay, or Neath, or Cootehill, or the Bog of Allen are not at the top of anybody’s tourist agenda. I met some great people--people who love their Meeting Houses--people who want to rescue some old Meeting House from collapse or just plain oblivion--people who want to revive a Meeting that was laid down long ago, and meet in a Meeting House that has some history to it--people who believe, as I do, that Meeting Houses or even simply the locations of Meeting Houses speak to us now about the Friends who built them and who worshipped there. And--again like me--people who for some inexpressible reason just love old Meeting Houses.

None of this connects necessarily with Job’s travels. But when I did find a Meeting House that Job actually saw--or sometimes simply the location, the surroundings, that he saw--then I felt like I knew something more about him. Take the Meeting House in the Irish port city of Waterford, with its 18th century simple but costly elegance. One hardly needs a local historian to explain that it was built by wealthy and

influential Quakers--its broad and sweeping staircase whispers "movers and shakers of Waterford built me." The worshippers would have worn gray and black--but the bonnets and gowns would have been silk, and the black waistcoats cashmere, not homespun. Yet they were most careful to follow the rules of discipline that centered them, Job would argue, "in lifeless formality"--their bonnets at the correct angle, and their cuffs of the specified width.

Or take Oxford--the old Meeting House was only a few doors away from the modern one. Walk out the entryway and there is the beginning of an enormous sea of medieval stonework that radiates the power and privilege of Anglicanism. Might this explain his fierce outburst at Oxford against the Anglican clergy, and his warning that "the English Episcopal hierarchy must and will be shaken!"?

This was why I wanted to conclude my wandering at Ballitore--to see the last Meeting House that Scott saw, the village where he came down with smallpox, the place he died and was buried. I mentioned my initial negative reaction to the Meeting House (see May 25, above). Nevertheless, I wanted to attend Meeting there--I knew it had been revived by a Quaker who lived not in Ballitore but nearby, someone determined that Quakers should meet once more in the ancient Meeting House in the (once) Quaker Village.

That person turned out to be George Allen, the clerk, a cheerful soul about my age who arrived shortly after I drove up. When I got inside, I could guess at the reason for the slit windows on the ground floor: they lighted the room where Friends left cloaks and pattens (wooden clogs used as overshoes)--why spend money on expensive glass for a coat room? Meeting for Worship met in the room above this, a pleasant small room, originally used for the Women's Meeting for Business. It had a low, barrel vaulted ceiling and ample windows on two sides, with benches on four sides. (This was probably not the original arrangement--the "box" arrangement of benches or a circle of chairs we think of as "traditional" are in fact a modern development. Every old Meeting House I saw had rows of benches facing a raised "ministers gallery" where ministers and elders sat. In some cases the gallery was quite high--despite the theoretical equality of all members.

After Meeting, we had coffee in the original main Meeting room, which was probably built slightly earlier than the front section of the building (which forms an ell off the main section) where we met for worship. This main room was much larger--it might perhaps hold about a hundred people--it was pleasant and well lighted, and had high ceilings and a ministers' gallery. Scott--as a visiting minister--would have sat there--it was recorded by a Friend that on First Day, the 10th of 11th Month, "he spoke largely in the morning meeting," and "very powerfully in a publick meeting which was held in the evening at his request." (This was the day before his final illness struck.)

So I had to change my view of the Meeting House--shows the danger of jumping to conclusions (But I'm still glad I wound up at the Greenes--that was too good to miss.) And the Friends at Ballitore are quite wonderful. There were about ten or twelve people--very welcoming and friendly--much conversation and many questions about me and my project. George Allen has done a good thing in reviving this Meeting--it shows what one determined person with energy and enthusiasm can do--and it does help, of course, that

the Kildare County Council now owns the building and maintains it as a historic property--it even provides the heat and electricity. Though the Meeting is small, it is spiritually lively, and has even attracted an attender who actually lives in Ballitore. Who knows, maybe some of those Dubliners who will move into the planned new housing development next door will visit and discover they are Quakers!

However, I still think the building itself looks forbidding--yet early 18th century Friends didn't think in terms of making a building "open" or "welcoming"--we forget that those are modern notions of what a Meeting House should be. They thought in terms of practicality and virtue, and they had pretty well gotten past the expansive phase of the 17th century. They were beginning to consolidate, and counted on increasing membership mainly by the natural increase of children being born into families which were already Quaker. By the end of the century, when Job came through, many of them pretty much kept themselves to themselves. Travelling ministers did sometimes call "publick" Meetings, and, as I said above, Job felt that much too often he got a better response from the Presbyterians and Methodists than from Friends at such occasions. He complains that Friends tended to see themselves "in their own estimation far advanced..." beyond such obviously unenlightened folk.

Another interesting note--I mentioned the number of derelict buildings in the village center, and a member explained that many people had emigrated to America in the 18th and 19th century, simply abandoning their homes, and nobody knew who owned them. After all, who knew when an heir might turn up, so the houses were just left to stand--or rather, to fall down. Another message from the past written in buildings--the tide of people leaving Ireland included Quakers, who, like their neighbors, hoped to find a better life elsewhere. It wasn't until the late 20th century that this trend was finally reversed by the new prosperity--which is now producing its own set of problems.

So farewell Ballitore. And I now think of this journey less as "Following Job," (though he led me here), and more as "The Road to Ballitore." Job is here--but now he is surrounded not only by the world of English and Irish Quakerism in 1793, but by the greater world--a world more and more haunted by anxiety and edged with the threat of violence as the century moved to its close. War had come to the continent; rebellion was brewing at home. Among Friends, places like Ballitore looked placid, but below the surface, dissension was taking root and beginning to grow, and with it came fear, and its companion, anger. These tensions were barely visible when Job was there, but men and women like the Shackletons could not--and would not--guard the gates of the Quaker status quo. Not long after the turn of the century, Abraham Shackleton would be disowned and many other Irish Friends would either also be disowned or would resign from the Society.

As for Job's predictions--well, God's wrath may not have struck down the Established Church, but Job was right about the low state of Quakerism. His calling was to bring a Truth to British and Irish Friends that many readily gave lip service to; however they appeared tone deaf to the possibility that it might apply directly to them. The Memorial written by the national half-year's meeting of Friends in Ireland admires

him in very conventional terms. It mentions his emphasis in the need for a “fresh anointing” before proceeding in any new ministry or “transactions of the discipline,” and of course they are delighted with his attacks on “all those who preached for hire and divined for money.” (Hadn’t they always said so themselves? One can almost see them patting themselves on the back.) They seemed to feel that this was the whole point of his ministry among “those not in profession with us”--dump the priests and vicars!

Yet they seem spiritually deaf to his insistence that they were themselves getting away from “true religion” which demands submission to “the work of God’s holy spirit in men’s’ hearts.” And Job would probably have been profoundly distressed to know how his own words became weapons used by one group of Quakers against another. Yet in hindsight--I cannot be surprised. Isn’t the message still relevant? But how clearly do we hear it, and understand its implications in *our* lives?

*The scriptures are good, very good; discipline, good rules and good order, all very necessary; but still it is the spirit that quickens and giveth life; and every departure from a right dependence on it, every zealous movement in support of Truth’s testimony independent of its necessary aid, tends to introduce death, and set man on the throne, instead of him who is God over all for ever.*

Job Scott, *Journal*