



THE OLD RUTTLE (OR RUCKLE) HOME AT BALLINGRANE.  
THE BIRTHPLACE OF BARBARA HECK.

I asked to see the barn or stable, and was shown out through the old part of the house, where the clay floor and the open hearth indicate antiquity. I looked up at the huge beams above, and Miss Ruttle said: "That loft is just as it was in Barbara's time." Out and across the court-yard and into the open barn—why did I wish to see this place? Because there, when the weather was inclement, John Wesley preached to the Palatines nearly one hundred and fifty years ago.

But we must hurry away, though there is a pressing invitation to stay for dinner. As I said good-bye to those dear old ladies (eighty-two and seventy-seven years of age), thoughts of the grandmothers of some of us swept through my mind, and I felt that this old home in Ballingrane was worthy of our remembrance.

As you leave the Ruttle home, you see across the road all that remains of Philip Embury's Irish home—the great pillars at the gate-

way are falling down, beyond you can trace where the house stood, and there, the last stone to remain, lies the great hearthstone. It is a strange thing to me that that stone has not been brought to America to serve as a corner-stone or a stone let into the wall of some great American Methodist edifice.

We hurry through Rathkeale, past another Methodist chapel, see the square where Gideon Ouseley preached with such demonstrative interruptions, and fly along in our Irish jaunting car through the main street till we reach the southwest end of this village of two thousand people. Here stands the Episcopal church where Philip Embury and Margaret Switzer were married, November, 1758, and where others of the Palatines were baptized and married. And on out a mile or so along the winding road, till we draw up in front of the home of Jacob Switzer, at Court Matrix.

It is an old home with its thatched roof, but the sweet peas