

26. *Lords day*. Up sooner then usual on Sundays, and to walk, it being exceeding hot all night (so as this night I begin to leave off my waistcoat this year) and this morning; and so to walk in the garden till toward church time, when my wife and I to church; where several strangers of good condition came to our pew, where the pew was full. At noon dined at home, where little Michell came, and his wife, who continues mighty pretty. After dinner, I by water alone to Westminster, where not finding Mrs. Martin within, did go toward the parish church and in the way did overtake her, who resolved to go into the church with her that she was going with (Mrs. Hargrave, the little crooked woman, the vintner's wife of the Dog) and then go out again; and so I to the church; and seeing her return, did go to go out again myself, but met with Mr. Howlett, who offering me a pew in the gallery, I had no excuse but up with him I must go, and there, much against my will, stayed out the whole church in pain, while she expected me at home; but I did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the greatest pleasure of seeing and gazing a great many very fine women; and what with that and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done; and then to Mrs. Martin and there stayed with her an hour or two, and there did what jo would with her. And after having been here so long, I away to my boat, and up with it as far as Barne Elmes, reading of Mr. Eveling's late new book against Solitude, in which I do not find much excess of good matter, though it be pretty for a by-discourse. I walked the length of the Elmes, and with great pleasure saw some gallant ladies and people, come with their bottles and basket[s] and chairs and forms[s] to sup under the trees by the waterside, which was mighty pleasant. I to boat again and to my book; and having done that, I took another book, Mr. Boyles of Colours, and there read where I left, finding many fine things worthy observation. And so landed at the Old Swan and so home, where I find my poor father newly come out of an unexpected fit of his pain, that they feared he would have died. They had sent for me to Whitehall and all up and down, and for Mr. Holliard also, who did come. But W. Hewers being here did I think do the business, in getting my father's bowel, that was fallen down, into his body again. But above all things, the poor man's patience under it, and his good heart and humour as soon as he was out of it, did so work upon me, that my heart was sad to think of his condition; but do hope that a way will be found by a steele truss to relieve him. By and by to supper, all our discourse