

overwrought my eyes, so that now they are become weak and apt to be tired, and all excess of light makes them sore, so that now, to the candlelight I am forced to sit by, adding the Snow upon the ground all day, my eyes are very bad, and will be worse if not helped; so my Lord Brouncker doth advise me, as a certain cure, to use Greene Spectacles, which I will do. So to dinner, where Mercer with us, and very merry. After dinner, she goes and fetches a little son of Mr. Buckeworths, the whitest-haired and of the most spirit that ever I saw in my life – for discourse of all kind, and so ready and to the purpose, not above four year old. Thence to Sir Robt. Viners and there paid for the plate I have bought, to the value of 94*l*, with the 100*l* Capt. Cocke did give me to that purpose, and received the rest in money. I this evening did buy me a pair of green spectacles, to see whether they will help my eyes or no. So to the Change, and went to the Upper Change, which is almost as good as the old one; only shops are but on one side. Then home to the office and did business till my eyes begun to be bad; and so home to supper (my people busy making mince pies) and so to bed. No news yet of our Gottenburgh fleet; which makes [me] have some fears, it being of mighty concernment to have our supply of masts safe. I met with Mr. Cade tonight, my stationer, and he tells me that he hears for certain that the Queene-Mother is about and hath near finished a peace with France; which, as a Presbyterian, he doth not like, but seems to fear it will be a means to introduce Popery.

25. *Christmas day*. Lay pretty long in bed. And then rise, leaving my wife desirous to sleep, having sat up till 4 this morning seeing her maids make mince pies. I to church, where our parson Mills made a good sermon. Then home, and dined well on some good ribbs of beef roasted and mince pies; only my wife, brother, and Barker, and plenty of good wine of my own; and my heart full of true joy and thanks to God Almighty for the goodness of my condition at this day. After dinner I begun to teach my wife and Barker my song, *It is decreed* – which pleases me mightily, as now I have Mr. Hinxton's bass. Then out, and walked alone on foot to Temple, it being a fine frost, thinking to have seen a play all alone; but there missing of any Bills, concluded there was none; and so back home, and there with my brother, reducing the names of all my books to an Alphabet, which kept us till 7 or 8 at night; and then to supper, W. Hewer with us, and pretty merry; and then to my chamber to enter this day's journal only, and then to bed.