To the Honourable Mrs. Percival, *with* Hutcheſon's *Treatiſe on* Beauty *and* Order. *By Mrs.* Grierſon.

TH' internal Senſes painted here we ſee:
They're *born* in others, but they *live* in thee.
O were our Author with thy Converſe bleſt,
Could he behold the Virtues of thy Breaſt;
His needleſs Labours with Contempt he'd view;
And bid the World not read —— but copy you!