Nevertheless, many attempts have been made to define life; but they have all failed as fail they must, for how can one define the unknown?

It may be interesting to look at a couple of these definitions that do not define.

One wise man says: "Life is the sum of those forces which tend to resist death." This has an easy, matter-of-fact air, and sounds as plausible as the assertion that two and two make four. But after all it does not tell what life is; it only tells what life does. Besides, if the resistance of death constitutes life, we should know what death is.

Another definition runs: "Life is that force which keeps the organism in correspondence with its environments." This has the advantage of high-sounding terms from foreign tongues, but again tells only what life does, and in no wise what life is.

Science has failed to discover and philosophy harfailed to define life.

Suppose we turn from them to the street, and ask at haphazard the first half-dozen men or women we meet.

"Life? Why, life is having a joliy good time," says the club man. To him Browning makes answer: