

The happiness that is obtained from the contact of the senses with their objects, gets converted into poison and eats into the personality of the enjoyer. Consequently the strength and stamina of the man wane away. He is not able to discharge his duties efficiently. The body loses its comeliness. Senility sets in all too early. Instead of growth, there takes place a deterioration of the intellectual capacity of the man. Spiritual sagacity in him fades away. Dharma unconsciously gives place to *adharma*. The man's career gets corrupted. Like water poured into a leaky pot, his happiness slips away as quickly as it is sought. Hellishness haunts him instead.

Mythology has it that the Devas and the Asuras churned the ocean of life, allegorically presented as the ocean of milk. The blessings and the amenities such as education, wealth, means of transport, ornaments, wholesome food and the gifts from Nature—all these were obtained in plenty. These boons are all clothed in theological language as Saraswati, Lakshmi, Airavata, Kaustubha and Kamadhenu. The participants in this great project enjoyed in full measure the happy results of their ardent endeavours. But every enjoyment has its retribution. It comes as action and reaction. None can resist it. Death is the recompense for life. The love of life reacts as the dread of death. The former is liked as nectar and the latter hated as poison. As the ultimate result of embracing life, its counterpart death made its appearance as a dreadful poison before the Devas and Asuras. Not being prepared for