```
very first house, before the door of which they stopped to beg, food has been offered to them, and they accepted t
for there is enough space for the innumerable, who flock here, to hear the teachings from his mouth." This made G o vin da happy, and full of joy he exc laimed: "W ell so , the week have reached our destin at i on, and our path has come to an end! But tell us, oh mother of the pilgrims, do you know him, the Buddha, have you seen him with your own eyes?" Quoth the woman: "Many times I have seen him, the exalted one. On many days, I have seen him, walking through the alleys in silence, wearing his yellow cloak presenting his alms-d i sh in silence at the doors of the houses, leaving with a filled dish." Delightedly, Govinda listened and wanted to ask and hear much more. But Siddhar have you seen him walking through the alleys in silence, wearing his yellow cloak presenting his alms-d i sh in silence at the doors of the houses, leaving with a filled dish." Delightedly, Govinda listened and wanted to ask and hear much more. But Siddhar have you seen him walking through the alleys in silence, wearing his yellow cloak presenting his alms-d i sh in silence at the doors of the houses, leaving with a filled dish." Delightedly, Govinda listened and wanted to ask and hear much more. But Siddhar have you seen him was come to an end! But tell us, oh mother of the pilgrims, do you know him, the was the have reached our destin at in the form on, and our destin at in the form on, and our destin at some on, and our destin at in the form on, and our destin at in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ver s and curious people had spent the night here. On all paths of the marvellous grove, monks walked in yellow robes, under the trees they sat here he majority of the monks went out with their alms-dish, to collect food in town for their lunch, the only meal of the day. The Buddha himself, the enlightened one, was also in the habit of
and there, in deep contemplation--or in a conversation about spiritual matters, the shady gardens looked like a city, full of peop le, bustling li ke bees. T taking this walk to beg in the morning. Siddhartha saw him, and he instantly recognised him, as if a god had pointed him out to him. He saw him, a simple man in a yellow robe,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              robe, bearing the alms-dish in his hand, walking silently. "Look here!" Siddhartha said quietly to Govinda. "This one is the Buddha." Attentively, Govinda looked at the monk in the yellow robe, who
seemed to be in no way different from the hundreds of other monks. And soon, Govinda also realized: This is the one. And they followed him and observed him. The Buddha went on his way, modestly and deep in his thoughts, his calm, somewhat resembling a healthy
child, the Buddha walked, wore the robe and placed his feet just as all of his monks did, according to a precise rule. But his face and his walk, his quietly dangling hand even every finger of his quietly dangling hand expressed perfection, did not search, did not imitate, breathed softly in an unwhithering calm, in an unwhith ring light, an untouchable peace. Thus Gotama walked towards the town, to collect alms, and the two Samanas recognised him solely by the perfection of his calm, by the quietness of his appearance, in which there was no searching, no desire, no imitation, no effort to be seen, only light and peace. "Today, we'll hear the teachings from his mouth." said Govinda. Siddharth
a did not answer. He felt little curiosity for the teachings, he did not believe that they would teach him anything new, but he had, just as Govinda had, heard the contents of this Buddha's teachings again and again, though these reports only represented second- or third-hand information. But attentively he looked at Gotama's head, his shoulders, his feet, his quietly dangli and it seemed to him as if every joint of every finger of this hand was of these teachings, spoke of, breathed of, exhaled the fragrant of, glistened of truth. This man, this Buddha was truthful down to the gesture of his last finger. This man was holy. Never before, Siddhartha had venerated a person so much, never before he had loved a person as much as this one.
and it seemed to him as it every joint of every linger of this hand was of these teachings, spoke of, breathed to hey held the preson as much as this one. I held they be not held they reached the town and then returned in silence, for they themselves intended to abtain they heard and everynes intended to abtain they heard the Buddha until they reached the buddha teaching. They heard his voice, and it was also perfected, was of perfect calmness, was full of peace. Gotama taught the teachings, of the way to relieve suffering, of the way to relieve suffering, of the example clearly his quiet speech flowed on. Suffering was lifering was lifering was lifering was lifering was lifering, of the example clearly his quiet speech flowed on. Suffering was lifering to get the example clearly his quiet speech flowed on. Suffering was lifering to get the example clearly his quiet speech flowed on. Suffering was lifering was lifering was lifering was lifering was lifering was lifering of the was also perfected, was of perfected, was full of peace. Gotama taught the eachings of the was full of peace. Gotama taught the every form on this day. They saw form on this day from on this day. They saw form on this day from on this day. They saw full of the examples in the feachings of the was for the samples from on this day. They saw full of the examples of the was form on the feach on they say for the samples from on this day. They say full of the examples in the feach on they say for the say from on the feach on they say from on the feach on they say from on the feach on they say from on the feach on 
we have both perceived the teachings. Govinda has heard the teachings, he has taken relige in it. But you, my following the has taken relige in it. But you, my following the has taken relige in it. But you, my following the has taken relige in it. But you, my following the has taken relige in it. But you want to restrict you want you want to restrict you want you want you want to restrict you want you wan
ued walking in the grove; for a long time, they lay there and found no sleep. And over again, Govinda urged his friend, he should tell him why he would not want to seek refuge in Gotama's teachings, what fault he would find in these teachings. But Siddhartha turned him away every time and said: "Be content, Govinda! Very good are the teachings of the exalted of the content.
e, how could I find a fault in them?" Very early in the morning, a follower of Buddha, one of his oldest monks, went through the garden and called all those to him who had as novices taken their refuge in the teachings, to dress them up in the yellow robe and to instruct them in the first teachings and duties of their position. Then Govinda broke loose, embraced once again
e, now clothed in the first calcular in the 
een the world through your teachings perfectly connected, without gaps, clear as a crystal, not depending on gods. Whether living according to it would be suffering or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not depending on gods. Whether living according to it would be suffering or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not essential--but the uniformity of the world, that everything which happens is connected, that the great as a crystal, not depending on gods. Whether living according to it would be suffering or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not essential--but the uniformity of the world, the entire eternal and or dying, this is not depending or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not essential--but the uniformity of the world, whether living according to it would be suffering or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not essential--but the uniformity of the world, the entire eternal and or dying, this is not depending or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not essential--but the uniformity of the world, the entire of this is not depending or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not depending or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not depending or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not depending or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not depending or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not depending or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not depending or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not depending or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly the sufficient or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not depending or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not depending or joy, I do not wish to discuss possibly this is not essential--but the uniformity of the world, the thin is not depending or joy, I do not wish to discuss possibly this is not essential--but the uniformity of the world, the uniformity of the world, the uniformity of the worl
dge, of the thicket of opinions and of arguing about words. There is nothing to opinions, they may be beautiful or ugly, smart or foolish, everyone can support them or discard them. But the teachings, you've heard from me, are no opinion, and their goal is not to explain the world to those who seek knowledge. They have a different goal; their goal is salvation from suffering to the the support them or discard them. But the teachings, you've heard from me, are no opinions, they may be beautiful or ugly, smart or foolish, everyone can support them or discard them. But the teachings, you've heard from me, are no opinions, they may be beautiful or ugly, smart or foolish, everyone can support them or discard them. But the teachings, you've heard from me, are no opinions, they may be beautiful or ugly, smart or foolish, everyone can support them or discard them. But the teachings, you've heard from me, are no opinions, they may be beautiful or ugly, smart or foolish, everyone can support them or discard them. But the teachings, you've heard from me, are no opinions, they may be beautiful or ugly, smart or foolish, everyone can support them or discard them. But the teachings, you've heard from me, are no opinions, they may be beautiful or ugly, smart or foolish, everyone can support them or discard them. But the teachings, you've heard from me, are no opinions, they may be beautiful or ugly, smart or foolish, everyone can support them or discard them.
```