

David O. Harrison

George Müller A Life of Trust

George Müller in His Own Words

Rewritten in Everyday English

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Born and raised in England, David Harrison immigrated to Canada in 1973 at the age of 21. Life took a decisive turn when, at 35, he became a follower of Jesus Christ—a shift that would shape everything to come.

For 25 years, David was active at a Brethren Bible Chapel in Scarborough, serving ten of those years as an elder. At the same time, he ran a thriving audiovisual integration business in Toronto, equipping universities, law firms, and financial institutions with cutting-edge communication technology.

In 2006, David launched Bus Stop Bible Studies, a national outreach that placed Scripture-based messages on public transit systems across Canada—it's estimated that those messages were seen more than 1.25 billion times, each offering the hope of God's Word. He also served as Board Chair for Daystar Native Christian Outreach on Manitoulin Island for a decade.

"Retired" in name only, David and his wife Wendy host guests at their award-winning Airbnb in Muskoka, Ontario — recognized as Ontario's Most Hospitable Hosts in both 2021 and 2023. They attend Muskoka Community Church in Port Sydney.

The man who once failed English in school has since discovered a calling he never expected: writing. To date, David has authored ten original titles and published six group study guides. He is also passionately working on a lifelong project to "translate" the entire library of C.S. Lewis into everyday

English—seven volumes completed and counting, three of which became Amazon bestsellers. Yet among all his works, he considers, FRESH START, CHURCH—GOD'S WAY, to be his most important to date; a heartfelt call for the Church to recapture the simplicity, clarity, and vitality of the early believers.

DEDICATION

To my dear Son, Daniel

A man with a servant's heart

Introduction

ear Reader,

Today is September 27, 2025, and George Müller (pronounced Mueller) would be celebrating his 220th birthday.

I have beside me a 1911 Edition of George Müller, THE MODERN APOSTLE OF FAITH (first published in 1898). The cover is a muted green cloth fabric with an oval black and white photograph of Müller embedded into it. The binding and pages are showing their 114 years of wear and tear, each page now beautifully coloured with age. This book has obviously been well-loved and well-read.

I also have a copy of ANSWERS TO PRAYER, a paperback compilation of Müller's written notes compiled by A.E.C. Brooks. I was given this book early on in my own walk with Christ, and it greatly reinforced my reliance on God's faithful provision. If there is one thing Müller and I have in common, it seems to be an understanding that God delights in showing up with His provision at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute. Not a minute too soon, nor a minute too late. God also delights when His children depend on Him utterly. As I look back on my 39 years of walking with God, I can say with confidence that He has *never* not shown up. This is not to say that God has not led me through more than one or two dark valleys, but even in those times, He was never not there.

INTRODUCTION

As you take in Müller's life story, it may at first seem somewhat repetitious as he lists miracle after miracle. Yet, when I first read his account, it became strangely addictive. I am sure this is why his writings continue to resonate widely more than 125 years after his passing into Glory. And, as you read his reports of provision, do not neglect considering the stories of each individual who gave so selflessly as well.

In 2006, I launched a ministry called Bus Stop Bible Studies.¹ I only use the word 'I' because I was the vessel God chose to use. If there is any glory to be handed out, it is God's alone. I simply had the privilege and excitement of going along for the ride. When we set out on our journey, I had my own company, and so was in a position at the time to fund the start-up. But I didn't want to be the one steering the bus, and so I said to God, "If this is truly of you, I will trust you to provide. Your resources, not mine." He did. Every penny. Over the course of the ten years Bus Stop Bible Studies was in operation (2006-2016), we reached millions of transit riders across Canada with encouragement from the Word of God.

So, when you read this account of George Müller's life and ministry, do so through eyes of amazement but also with the understanding that his story could just as easily be your story. The apostle John recorded the following words of Jesus:

"Very truly I tell you, whoever believes in me will do the works I have been doing, and they will do even **greater things than these**, because I am going to the Father. John 14:12

¹ https://bit.ly/bsbsimagine

George Müller and I believe this to be a true statement. Do you want to be one of the 'whoever' that Jesus is talking to?

George Müller lived with a daring kind of faith that feels almost foreign to us today. He prayed about everything—big or small—and expected each prayer to be answered. His journals are filled with story after story that prove the point.²

Take the winter when the boiler at one of the orphan houses broke down. The unit was bricked in, impossible to repair quickly, and the bitter winds of winter were closing in. Children would surely suffer if the problem lingered. So Müller prayed — not vague, polite prayers, but specific ones. He asked God for two things: first, that the workmen would be willing to labour through the night, and second, that the weather would turn mild enough to spare the children. The very morning the work was to begin, the north wind shifted to the south, and the air grew warm enough that no fires were even needed. That same evening, the foreman instructed the crew to return early the next day, but the men themselves suggested they work straight through the night. Thirty hours later, the boiler was repaired. Two prayers, two answers — down to the detail.

In 1862, when a drain eleven feet underground became clogged, workmen dug repeatedly without success. Müller prayed — and

It should be noted that in 19th century England, four of five mail deliveries per day were not uncommon. Depending on distance, one could mail a letter in the morning and expect a mailed reply that same evening. Müller would pray about a specific need only to see it answered (precisely) in a matter of hours, or even minutes.

within moments, they struck the exact spot. In 1865, hurricaneforce gales ripped holes in the orphan house roofs and shattered windows. No repairmen were available until Monday. Rain would have flooded the homes if it had come. Müller prayed and the winds stilled that afternoon, while the skies stayed dry until Wednesday, by which time nearly all the repairs were complete.

Perhaps the most famous story took place on the *SS Sardinian* in 1877. A heavy fog blanketed the sea. Müller explained to the captain that he must be in Quebec the following afternoon. The captain replied that it was impossible—he had slowed the ship for safety, and Müller's meeting would be missed. Müller asked to pray in the chart-room. The captain, half skeptical, followed him down. Müller prayed a simple, direct prayer for the fog to lift. When the captain began to pray as well, Müller stopped him. "Captain," he said, "I have known my Lord for more than fifty years. Not once have I failed to gain an audience with the King. He has already answered." They walked back to the deck, and the fog was gone. Müller arrived on time. That captain later became a Christian, known affectionately as "Holy Joe."

These weren't coincidences. They were answers to prayer. Müller believed God meant it when He said, "You do not have because you do not ask God" (James 4:2). He believed Jesus' promise: "Whatever you ask for in prayer, believe that you have received it, and it will be yours" (Mark 11:24).

If Müller were alive today, he would teach us the lessons he learned and lived by:

 Pray specifically. Müller didn't ask for "help with the boiler." He asked for mild weather and all-night

workers. Specific prayers open the door for specific answers.

- Pray expectantly. Müller didn't wonder if God might hear him. He expected an answer because he knew the character of the One he prayed to.
- Pray persistently. Whether money was low, drains were clogged, or storms threatened the orphans, he prayed until God answered.
- Pray with Scripture. Müller filled his prayers with promises from God's Word, then reminded God of those very promises.

Faith like this is not reserved for Müller alone. The same God still hears and answers. He may not always move the wind or part the fog, but He delights in proving Himself faithful to those who trust Him.

In the perpetual wonder of grace,

David Homison

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THE LIFE OF TRUST

A NARRATIVE OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH GEORGE MULLER, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

EDITED AND CONDENSED BY REV. H. LINCOLN WAYLAND, PASTOR OF THE THIRD BAPTIST CHURCH, WORCESTER, MASS.

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INTRODUCTION BY FRANCIS WAYLAND

Then you hold this book in your hands, you're not just picking up another autobiography. You're stepping into the living testimony of a man who chose to take God at His word, and then built his entire life around that trust.

George Müller's story isn't about fame, wealth, or worldly success. It's about the quiet miracle of prayer answered again and again. When Müller felt called to care for orphans in Bristol, he never launched a fundraising campaign. He never wrote letters of appeal. He simply prayed. And what followed was astonishing: food, clothing, shelter, and resources arrived at just the right time, in just the right way. Over and over, God provided.

This book isn't offered to impress you with Müller's strength, but to remind you of God's faithfulness. Müller's life is proof that the promises of Scripture aren't museum pieces to admire from a distance; they are living realities to be trusted today. His testimony calls us to look beyond our own resources, to bring every need before the throne of grace, and to expect that the God who fed Israel in the wilderness is the same God who hears us now.

My prayer is that, as you turn these pages, your own faith will be stretched, your prayers will grow bolder, and your confidence in the living God will deepen. If Müller's story accomplishes that, then it has done its work.

Francis Wayland, Worcester, December 12, 1860

PREFACE BY GEORGE MÜLLER

did not rush into writing this book. It came only after months of careful thought, searching my own heart for motives, and much prayer. In truth, I have never taken a step in the Lord's service over which I prayed so earnestly.

One reason I hesitated is that I have little desire to add to the flood of religious books already in circulation. But I held onto the hope that, through this effort, some of my brothers and sisters might be led to treasure the Scriptures more deeply, and to measure their choices against the plumb line of God's Word.

What finally pressed on me most, however, was what I have seen among the children of God: so many of their trials come either from a lack of trust in the Lord when it comes to daily, practical needs, or from trying to run their businesses in ways that don't honour Scripture. Because the Lord has dealt with me so remarkably in matters of daily provision, I feel indebted to the church of Christ—especially to the poorer believers—to share openly how He has led me.

I know, too, that when I've told others of God's dealings with me, the Lord has often blessed it to their encouragement. That convinced me all the more that I should put it into writing, so that people I may never meet face-to-face might also be helped. And I confess, one further reason strengthened my resolve: if the Lord allowed this book to sell, the proceeds could be used to relieve the needs of the poor men and women among whom I serve. That burden weighed heavily on me at the time.

So, I began to write. After three days, other pressing duties forced me to set it aside. Soon afterward, illness kept me from my usual work. Yet even in that season, while confined at home, the Lord gave me time to continue. When the manuscript was nearly finished, I gave it to a fellow believer to review. God so refreshed his spirit through it that he offered to pay the printing costs himself, with this promise: if the book failed to sell, he would never consider me in his debt. That kindness removed a major obstacle, since I had no money of my own for such an expense. These events, along with many other confirmations, persuaded me that I was not mistaken in believing it was God's will for me to serve His church in this way.

I realize that I am a foreigner, and my English is imperfect. Yet I trust the Christian reader will show grace and overlook my faults of expression.

Above all, I dedicate this Narrative to the poor among my brothers and sisters in Christ, and I especially commend it to their prayers.

George Müller

FAITH IN GOD—GEORGE MÜLLER

That does the Bible mean when it speaks of *the prayer* of faith? Lately, Christians are beginning to ask this question more seriously. What are we to make of the bold promises about prayer found throughout both the Old and New Testaments? Are they meant only for the apostles and prophets of long ago, or do they still belong to every believer today?

Oddly enough, these questions are rarely addressed. I cannot recall hearing a sermon that directly explained them, nor do I know of a book that treats them plainly. It seems as if, by common agreement, this portion of Scripture has been left largely untouched. Do we not believe God meant what He said? Or do we secretly believe it, but he sitate to admit it publicly for fear of sounding fanatical?

And yet, in private, many believers do wrestle with these promises. As they read their Bibles and stumble upon verses that speak of great power in prayer, they pause and wonder: Can this really apply to me? Do I truly have permission to bring even the smallest details of my life before an all-wise and all-loving God, trusting Him to direct them? Is prayer just a way to shape my own heart, or does it actually move the hand of God?

The devout Christian cannot help asking such questions. If prayer is merely symbolic, the heart is left unsatisfied. But if prayer is truly a power with God, then why should we not receive our share of this inheritance? After all, most of us can point to moments when God clearly answered our prayers. Why, then, should we not always pray in full confidence that

He will keep His promises? No wonder the disciples once cried out, "Lord, increase our faith" (Luke 17:5).

The promises in Scripture are clear and plentiful. Our real struggle is that they seem almost *too great* to be true. We stagger under their weight, and unbelief keeps us from claiming what Christ purchased for us. Consider just a few of His words:

"Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives; the one who seeks finds; and to the one who knocks, the door will be opened... If you, then, though you are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father in heaven give good things to those who ask him!" (Matthew 7:7–11)

"If you, then, though you are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father in heaven give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him!" (Luke 11:13)

"If two of you on earth agree about anything they ask for, it will be done for them by my Father in heaven. For where two or three gather in my name, there am I with them." (Matthew 18:19–20)

"If you believe, you will receive whatever you ask for in prayer." (Matthew 21:22)

"Whatever you ask for in prayer, believe that you have received it, and it will be yours." (Mark 11:24)

"Whoever believes in me will do the works I have been doing, and they will do even greater things than these, because I am going to the Father. And I will do whatever you ask in my name, so that the Father may be glorified in the Son." (John 14:12–13)

"Very truly I tell you, my Father will give you whatever you ask in my name. Until now you have not asked for anything in my name. Ask and you will receive, and your joy will be complete." (John 16:23–24)

James echoes this when he writes, "The prayer of a righteous person is powerful and effective" (James 5:16). He points to Elijah as an example—a man "just like us," who prayed that it would not rain, and it did not rain for three and a half years; and then he prayed again, and the heavens gave rain (James 5:17–18).

The condition is made plain by Jesus:

"If you remain in me and my words remain in you, ask whatever you wish, and it will be done for you." (John 15:7)

In other words, prayer that prevails is born of a life aligned with the will of God. Faith, at its simplest, is the soul's answer to the revealed character of God. The more our hearts reflect Him, the more we may ask with confidence.

Hebrews 11 gives us the roll call of men and women who lived this way—people who "through faith conquered kingdoms, administered justice, and gained what was promised; who shut the mouths of lions, quenched the fury of the flames, and escaped the edge of the sword" (Hebrews 11:33–34). Faith is pictured as a power that can alter what we call the natural course of events, because it lays hold of the God who rules over all.

Why then is this truth so often left unexplored? Why do we insist on shrinking God's promises down to the size of our own

limited understanding? Why should we deny that there is a power in prayer that we have barely touched?

History is filled with examples of answered prayer, from the deliverance of Peter in Acts to the orphan house of Francke in Halle. And yet, the most striking illustration may be found in the life of George Müller. Beginning with nothing but trust in God, Müller took in the street-orphans of the city of Bristol, cared for them, and watched as every single need—food, clothing, shelter—was provided in answer to prayer. He refused to fundraise, refused to publish donor names, and never once asked a person for help. Instead, he asked God alone, and God never failed him.

From one house, the work grew to three, sheltering over a thousand children. Alongside this, Müller distributed tens of thousands of Bibles and millions of tracts, supported missionaries, and proved, in the sight of a skeptical world, that God still hears prayer.

The lesson is unmistakable: God is a living God. What He did through Müller, He is able to do for *anyone* who lives in the same spirit of faith. The conditions are simple: wholehearted surrender to God's will, and childlike trust in His promises. The results may differ in form, but the principle remains. God will never fail His people when they rest fully in Him.

This means no Christian, however poor or unknown, need ever feel powerless. You don't need to wait for wealthy patrons or organized support. Begin where you are, do what you believe God is calling you to do, and look to Him for the supply. If it is a seed He has planted, it will grow and bear fruit.

FAITH IN GOD—GEORGE MÜLLER

In the end, the story of George Müller is not just about orphans or buildings—it is about proving to the church and to the watching world that God still means what He says. His promises stand. Faith unlocks them. And prayer, simple and believing, still moves the hand of the Living God.

December 17, 1860

CHAPTER 1—BOYHOOD AND YOUTH 1805–1825

was born on September 27, 1805, in Kroppenstaedt, near Halberstadt, in what was then the kingdom of Prussia. When I was about five years old, my family moved to Heimersleben, where my father became a government tax collector.

My father raised us according to worldly values, not godly ones. He gave me and my brother more money than boys our age should ever have had, and we wasted it on sin. Before I was ten years old, I had already stolen repeatedly from the government money my father was entrusted to collect. One day, suspicious of me, he set a trap—leaving a sum of money counted and in plain sight. Left alone, I pocketed some and hid it in my shoe. When he returned, he counted, found it missing, searched me, and caught me red-handed.

When I was about ten or eleven, I was sent to Halberstadt to prepare for the university. My father wanted me to become a clergyman—not out of devotion to God, but because it promised a secure and respectable living. My years there were spent in a mix of study, reading novels, and indulging in sinful habits.

At fourteen, my mother suddenly died. That very night, while she lay dying, I was out playing cards until two in the morning. The next day, instead of grieving, I joined my companions drinking and wandering the streets half drunk. Her death left no lasting mark on my heart. In fact, I sank deeper into sin.

CHAPTER 1—BOYHOOD AND YOUTH 1805–1825

When I was confirmed in the state church at age fifteen, I did so without prayer, repentance, or faith. The day before, I had cheated my pastor of his fee by handing him only a twelfth of what my father had given me for him. Yet on Easter Sunday of 1820, I took communion with no more than a vague awareness of the solemnity of the moment.

My teenage years were a cycle of study, wasted money, broken resolutions, and taverns. Once, when I had spent everything, I was so hungry I stole a soldier's coarse bread ration. By 1821, I convinced my father to move me to a new school in Magdeburg, hoping new surroundings might reform me. They didn't. Left to myself in Heimersleben for months, I grew worse. Entrusted with collecting money owed to my father, I pocketed much of it for my pleasures.

Later that year, I ran off on a pleasure trip to Brunswick, lying to my tutor for permission. I lived wildly in expensive hotels until my money ran out, then skipped out on my bills. Caught in my dishonesty, I was arrested, accused of theft, and at sixteen thrown into prison. For nearly a month, I lived among criminals, locked in a cell day and night. When my father finally sent the money to pay my debts, I was released in January 1822. Even that sobering experience changed me little.

Back home, my father's anger fell heavy on me, but by persuasion and lies I managed to avoid strict schools and lived mostly as I pleased. Finally, in October 1822, I enrolled at the gymnasium in Nordhausen, where I stayed for two and a half years. Outwardly, I earned a reputation for diligence, rising at four and studying until ten at night. My professors praised me. Inwardly, I still lived in secret sin. I even fell seriously ill,

confined to my room for thirteen weeks, but though I dabbled in religious poetry, I felt no true sorrow before God.

By Easter of 1825, I entered the University of Halle with good references, authorized to train for the Lutheran ministry. Outwardly, I was on the path to becoming a pastor. Inwardly, nothing had changed. I wanted to live differently—not for God, but for reputation. I thought no parish would want a pastor with a ruined character, and I wanted a good position. But the moment I arrived in Halle, my resolutions collapsed. I plunged again into reckless living—even while studying theology.

It was then that I reconnected with an old schoolmate named Beta. I had once despised him for being quiet and serious, but by now he had wandered from God. I thought his friendship might steady me, but instead we encouraged each other in sin. That summer, with Beta and two others, I set off on a four-day trip, which only awakened a greater appetite for travel. Soon I hatched a plan to tour Switzerland. By forging letters and pawning possessions, we secured passports and money.

For forty-three days we wandered almost entirely on foot, with me as treasurer of our common funds. Like Judas, I was a thief. I made sure my share cost far less than what my friends paid, pocketing the difference. When I returned home, I covered my expenses with a web of lies to my father.

I promised myself I would live differently — but those promises dissolved as soon as the next temptation came. At the University of Halle, fresh students and fresh money meant fresh indulgence. And so my youth drifted on: outwardly respectable, inwardly dishonest, restless, and far from God.

CHAPTER 1—BOYHOOD AND YOUTH 1805–1825

CHAPTER 2—THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN 1825–1826

he time had come for God to show me mercy. When I was as indifferent to Him as ever, He sent His Spirit into my heart. I owned no Bible—I hadn't opened one in years. I rarely went to church. From habit alone, I took communion twice a year, but I had never heard the gospel preached. I had never once met a man or woman who lived as though they truly intended, by God's help, to follow Scripture. I assumed everyone was like me—some just more polished than others.

Then came November of 1825. One Saturday afternoon, I was walking with my friend Beta when he mentioned that he often went to a Christian home on Saturday nights, where people gathered to read the Bible, sing, pray, and hear a sermon read aloud. The moment he described it, I felt as though I had stumbled on the very thing I'd been searching for all my life.

That evening, I went with him. Not knowing how Christians welcomed strangers, I began to apologize for intruding. The brother of the house looked me in the eye and said words I will never forget: "Come as often as you like; my house and heart are open to you."

We sang a hymn, then Brother Kayser—who would later serve as a missionary in Africa—knelt to pray. The sight startled me. I had never seen anyone pray on their knees, nor had I ever prayed that way myself. He then read a chapter of Scripture and

CHAPTER 2—THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN 1825–1826

a printed sermon, since in Prussia only ordained clergy were allowed to expound the Bible publicly. We closed with another hymn and prayer.

It left me deeply moved. I felt happy, though I could not have explained why. On the way home, I told Beta, "All we saw on our journey to Switzerland, and all our former pleasures, are nothing compared to this evening." I went to bed peaceful and glad. Looking back, I believe that night was the turning point of my life. Without great sorrow, without much knowledge, and with no deep sense of sin, God nevertheless began His work of grace in me.

I couldn't wait until Saturday to return. The very next day, and again on Monday, I went back, meeting with that brother and another believer to read Scripture together. My life began to change. Not all at once, but noticeably. I gave up my old companions. I stopped going to taverns. I left behind the habit of lying, though I slipped a few times. I read the Scriptures, prayed often, loved the brethren, and began attending church with a sincere heart. Though my fellow students laughed at me, I knew I stood on Christ's side.

By January 1826 I was reading missionary reports and felt stirred to become a missionary myself. I prayed earnestly about it. At Easter, I met a young man named Hermann Ball, who came from wealth but gave it all up to labour among Jews in Poland. His example touched me deeply. Soon, I was able to surrender myself fully to God.

For the first time in my life, I tasted the peace of God that passes all understanding (Philippians 4:7). I wrote letters to my father and brother, pleading with them to seek the Lord. I thought

they would be glad to hear the way to true happiness. Instead, their response was angry.

Around this time, God brought Professor Tholuck, a true believer, to Halle. Other believing students soon gathered, and I grew through their fellowship. My missionary desire returned stronger than ever, so I went to my father for permission. His reaction was harsh. He told me he had spent money on my education so that he could enjoy his last days in comfort, living with me in a parsonage. Now, all those dreams were gone. He became furious, declaring I was no longer his son. Then he broke down in tears, begging me to change my mind. The pain of that moment cut deeply, but God gave me strength to stand firm.

After leaving him, I decided never again to take his financial support. If I could not be what he wished, then I would not live off his money. God honoured that decision. Soon after, several American professors came to Halle for research, and Dr. Tholuck recommended me as their tutor. They paid me generously for lessons and lecture notes. My needs were met and more. Truly, "Fear the Lord, you his holy people, for those who fear him lack nothing" (Psalm 34:9).

That Whitsuntide, I spent a few days with a godly pastor in the countryside. The visit refreshed me greatly, and even my friend Beta came along. On our return, we shared with two other friends how joyful we had been. They replied, "We don't feel like we're sinners." I went into my room, knelt down, and prayed God would show them their sin. When I returned, they were in tears—God had answered. From then on, a work of grace began in their hearts.

CHAPTER 2—THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN 1825–1826

Though still weak and ignorant, I longed to help others. I handed out missionary papers and gospel tracts by the hundreds, filling my pockets whenever I walked. I wrote letters to old companions in sin. I visited a sick man for thirteen weeks, patiently showing him the gospel until God opened his eyes. I even sought out a schoolmaster who held prayer meetings before miners went to work, hoping to encourage him. Two years later, he confessed he hadn't truly known the Lord when I first came, but my visit had helped turn his heart to Christ.

It was in that same village that I preached my first sermon, on August 27, 1826. Nervous, I memorized a printed sermon and delivered it in the morning with little joy. But in the afternoon, I opened to Matthew 5 and began to explain, "Blessed are the poor in spirit" (Matthew 5:3). To my surprise, God gave me freedom and clarity, and the people listened intently. My heart overflowed with peace. I thought, "This is the way I want to preach."

Still, I wrestled with doubts. Could such simple preaching really suit educated congregations? I thought eloquence was necessary. I didn't yet see that if the simplest listener can understand, the wisest one will too—but not the other way around. That lesson came later.

During this season, I fell into a mistake common to many young believers: reading Christian books more than the Bible itself. Missionary papers, biographies, sermons—I devoured them all. But I neglected Scripture. I found it difficult and less enjoyable, so I set it aside. The result was that I remained spiritually immature.

I also prayed, but not as fervently as I should have. God was gracious to hear me, but I now see that if I had prayed with greater intensity and perseverance, I would have grown much faster.