MEMOIRS OF ISAAC ROBERT EVANS AND CATHERINE THOMAS EVANS

Taliesin Evans - son - from his autobiography

My father was born at Merthyr Tydfil, a city which had risen from a mere village in 1780 to a place of great extent and importance. . . . The father of Taliesin was an ironworker, but when the depression closed down the iron works, he then resorted to work in the coal mines, hence that accounts for the Evans boys becoming coal miners.

I have but a vague recollection of my father working in the mines, he had failed in health, and was obliged to quit working. I have just a mere recollection also of living at the village where I was born, for the family had moved from there (Abercanaid) when I was very young, and made their home about a mile from there in a small village by the name of Pentrebach.

It was in this village of Pentrebach where my Father, my brother David, and my mother (in their consecutive order) were converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and that was some time in the seventies.

It was not long after we moved to Penrhiwceiber, a branch of the church was organized at that place, with my father being put in as presiding Elder.

When I arrived at thirteen I started to work in the coal mine. . . . At the close of the day's work, I was thrilled to return home, thanking my Father in Heaven that my life was preserved. And I can remember now, how my dear mother embraced me when I returned home from work.

Hector Evans - son - from his autobiography

I shall go back about two years while we were living at Abercanaid, while at a cottage meeting of the Mormon Church at the home of Levi Reese, who with his family later came to Castle Gate, Utah, I was possessed with the evil spirits, according to the inspiration of my father, which influence seemingly wrought to destroy my little body, which influence and power I have always remembered through my life, Through the priesthood that my father held the evil ones were rebuked and I was immediately delivered from apparent destruction.

Father, because of ill health, not able to work, spent most of his time writing--and being a non-de-plumed bard (Poet of Wales, having received his title Peralaw or Pure Bard, interperted to the Welsh), having competed in many of the Eisteddfods of Wales, which organization competed in song and prose, in which father won very many prizes, making him a noted bard of Wales.

Previous to the time of my birth and previous to becoming members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, my parents had afilliated themselves in the musical organizations of our native land . . . and both were famous soloists in the great competing choir organizations of that beautiful land, father being a bass-baritone of three octave range and mother a lyric soprano of renown, beside my father being a great bassoon player afilliated in the royal band of Wales.

While translating the works of Brigham Henry Roberts (Some accounts say the Book of Mormon) into the Welsh tongue, my father happened to be out of a certain sort of paper used by the printer at Mountain Ash, two miles from Penrhiwceiber, our home, who had been hired by Elder Williams to do the printing, and father being also a semi-invalid at the time, he was alone in the house when a rap came at the front door, and he answered and to his great surprise, there stood a stranger, a very unusual personage, with long white hair and a knapsack hanging to his side who accosted father and asked if he, father desired some paper. So father said, "Yes, if you have the right kind."

Lo and behold the stranger brought out the paper, the exact kind that he wanted. So father went to the room and all the money he could find was two

pennies. So he told the stranger that all the money he had was the two pennies and so the messenger said that is all the paper I have, the two pennies worth. So father rejoiced to be able to continue the important work. Father was so impressed with the visit of the stranger, that he immediately returned to the door, but the stranger was not to be seen or found, so he was full of the conviction that the messenger was from the unknown and the promptings of the spirit made known to him it was the beloved John the Revelator who had come to his aid.

On another occasion when out of paper the same messenger came again to the door and father purchased the same paper. On this occasion my father invited the stranger in and asked if he would take a lunch with him, and the messenger was glad to do so. So father made a lunch for him. When the messenger departed, he rose his hand to the square and with a voice of exquisiteness uttered these words:

"I promise you in the name of Jesus Christ that you and your posterity will never see the want of bread."

Father followed the stranger to the door and the stranger was immediately out of sight. Father up to this time had been despondent regarding whether he should live to come to Zion, but that feeling entirely left him, and he was later permitted to come and he gained his health and lived to be 74 years of age and died in the year 1900 at Castle Dale, Emery County, Utah.

Chastity Olsen Harris - neighbor in Castle Dale - by interview by John Isaac Evans

The Evans brothers sang at my father's farewell party when he went on his mission. It would have been in 1894. Every one of those boys sat on the stand and your grandmother sang. When they had a farewell party they would always dance and they played. It was over in our old meeting house. That is my first memory of them, seeing them all up on that little old stage, the whole family. I remember that the Evans brothers played for all the dances we had across the street from where I lived. There was a dance hall up stairs and a store down below. I can see Harry sitting there with his eyes closed playing his piccolo. Johnny played the trumpet. People used to come from all the towns around to our dances because they had such good music.

We lived on the corner and just up a block and across the street was where your grandparents lived. After they moved a block from us down on Main Street, one morning my mother noticed your grandfather walking up and down that street. Mother called to him and said, "How are you, Brother Evans?"

He started to walk across the street to talk to Mother and he said, "Oh, Sister Olsen, something awful is going to happen. I had a dream a chariot drove up and I went to step into it and they told me, 'No, it isn't you this time.'"

He said, "I know something awful is going to happen."

That's when we got the news of the Scofield disaster when 199 men were killed. Your Uncle Dave was one of them. I remember him because he was the one who sang at all of the weddings. He was the funniest man and would always sing the funniest songs. He had a lovely voice. The disaster was on the first day of May 1900.

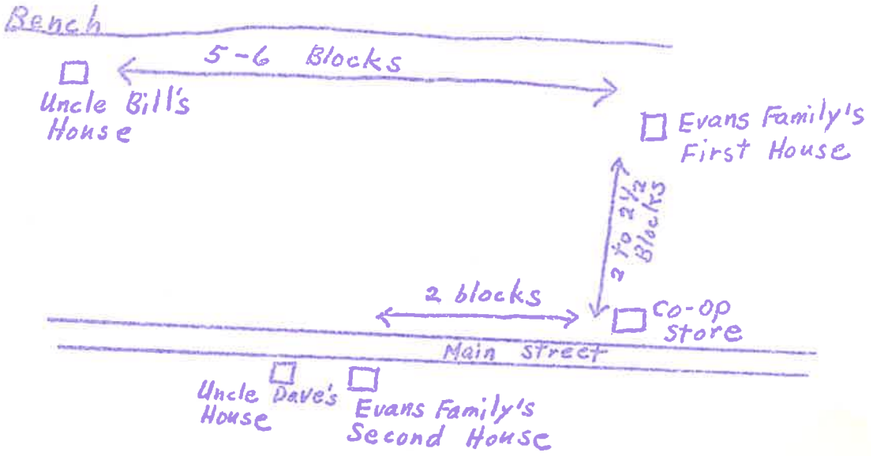
I remember that they were worried about your grandmother living there alone because she would go and get chips in her apron and she would come and take the lid off the stove and shake them from her apron.

John Isaac Evans - grandson

Just prior to that Grandmother got kicked in the jaw with a mule that Uncle Harry had there and it broke her jaw. I've heard this from my uncles and my dad. They said that when she was seventy years old she could put her hand on a rail fence about three feet high and jump over it. After the mule kicked her in the jaw she was laid up for a long time. Then she got burns pretty well over her whole body. In those days they didn't have any way of taking care of them. So she laid in bed.

Oscar Whimpey Evans - grandson - by interview by Delna E. Macfarlane

I'll tell a little bit about the homes that the Evans' built there in Castle Dale. When they first came there they had to be placed in a home. They were influenced by a man by the name of Wilburg to come into that area with promises that there was plenty of land and that he would do all that he could to get them established there. He found a place for them to live in that looked like an old store at the front. They stayed there for a while until they were able to get enough to build a home. They built a two-story adobe home there in Castle Dale about two to three blocks from the Co-op store, going toward the bench. ~~After they had lived there for a while with the litigation between them and Wilburg,~~ The mortgage he closed in on them and took this big home away from them. Then they began to re-establish themselves by getting a plot down on Main Street about two blocks toward Orangeville from the Co-op. They built an adobe home there. Also just across the street from there Uncle Dave built an adobe home with the help of the brothers. Uncle Bill desired to have a home. So around about five blocks toward Orangeville from the center of town he built a home just under the bench. I think all of these homes are standing except for Uncle Dave's.



In speaking about my grandfather
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about the same. His eyes were really
that when he looked at you, he would s
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go along thinking of the things in his
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snow on the ground at that time.

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My grandmother, I knew that she w
height of Myfanwy except that she prob
was very kind and she had a lot of wit
of somethings in life. She would thro
laugh because of the events that happened around her.

I remember that she one time sent me to the store to get some little thing. Of course at that time everything was almost by trade in that area. The Co-op at that time accepted trade for the exchange of produce. She gave me some eggs and had quite a difficult time getting me to understand that so many eggs were to buy the groceries that she wanted, but there was one egg that I should use for the purchase ofcandy for me. I remember that very distinctly. She was trying to be

as charitable and nice and tried to make me feel as comfortable as she could at that age. end here

As I recall about the Evans family when they came to Utah they settled in Winter Quarters. In settling there they had to stay in a little log house as near as I can recollect. The boys were quite imbued with what the rest of the community were doing at that time. As they built around there, they thought they ought to have a horse. The horse was a mare that had a colt. They treasured this horse and the colt.

Since the winters were so severe up there, they decided that they should have a barn. So they proceeded to build this barn. There were plenty of quaking aspen trees close around there and it was easy for them to get poles and everything to build a barn. They thought they would build it in such a way that they could store some hay. So they built a loft. In building this loft they just laid the pole at the square and proceeded to try to put a roof from there on up and they could put the hay up in the loft part of it. Of course these logs just extended out when they just laid them up there and they had to be cut off to the square. So my father decided to proceed to saw these logs off. As he proceeded to do this, he had one foot over the part that he was going to saw off. Grandma and Uncle Harry came out of the house, and Harry said. "Look, look at what your son is doing! The way he is sawing, it looks like he is going to saw that piece of the log off with his foot out there and down he'll go."

Grandma began to hee haw and laughed throwing her arms up in the air just waiting for this thing to happen. She finally saw him saw it off . . . and down he went. Dad said that it was all right for them to laugh about it but they didn't realize that He'd fall down on a big old rock and hurt his hip. He said that he had a sore hip for a good long while.

Grandfather had to have his finger in with this horse and this colt. As the colt grew he thought that it was so tame and so gentle. He would lean over it and it would take him around just as gentle as can be. So one day he decided that he would try to ride this colt. At this time the brother said, "Here look at Father! He's leading that horse up to the fence. As sure as he tries to get on that horse, it's going to get out from under him."

Grandma got out there with her eyes sparkling. She began to laugh and scream again as she saw the old man crawl upon the fence. The boys had told him to stay away from that horse, because he couldn't ride it. But he was determined that he could ride it. Finally he got upon the fence and began to throw his leg out over the horse. Just about the time he threw his leg over the horse, the horse jumped out from under him and down he went in a puddle on the ground.

Start here This family was most talented and they were sought for wherever they went. The explosion at Winter Quarters was the first breakup in the family. I recall that we were staying at Uncle Dick's at this time and my father would have been in this explosion with Uncle Dave but he had a quarrel with the superintendent. He said that he wouldn't work there under those conditions. So he left and went to Clear Creek leaving our family with Uncle Dick and Aunt Martha. When the explosion happened it took two of the brothers, Uncle Dave and Uncle Dick. I can remember very distinctly this time when so many of the boys and husbands from this little community had been taken. Aunt Martha lived at that time right behind what they called the old boarding house that had a big platform in front of the building. That was where they would unload all of the supplies from off the train to take care of the community. This day the platform was completely covered with caskets. There wasn't enough room there so they laid some of them down along the railroad. As I understand Uncle Hector was there working in Number 1 mine where only part of the mine was affected. So my father and Uncle Hector escaped this terrible disaster. Hector went into the mine to try to rescue some in the disaster, but was overcome with the fumes and had to be revived. Johnny and Uncle Harry were down with their father and mother at that time in Castle Dale and Uncle Bill was working at Winter Quarters in the steam boilers.

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Vivian Evans Naylor - granddaughter - by interview by Delna E. Macfarlane

I had a wonderful experience with my grandmother. I don't remember how old she was at the time, but she was bed fast. I imagine I was around 12 or 13 years old. My job was to go down and feed my grandmother every day at noon. Sometimes just before I would enter the door I could hear her singing. She had the most beautiful voice. She could really make you understand what she wanted even though she had the Welch brogue. She was a very outspoken person and also was very kind.

I remember when I was feeding her this bread and milk she would look with those beautiful blue eyes into my face and I thought what a beautiful mother she was. At this time she had real gray hair. She was a raw boned person and was really thin. I don't know how long she had laid in this bed.

As soon as she would get through eating she would say, "Now Vivian, the snuff box is empty. Now you go over there. There is a box on the dresser and you fill the snuff box with snuff. I have a pocket here in my apron. You just give it to me and I will use it."

She said, "Now you don't have to leave right now. Sit here and visit with me for a while." While I was sitting visiting with her she used this snuff. Then she'd begin to sneeze and sneeze. I'll never forget this experience I had with Grandmother and her snuff box.

Taliesen Evans - son - from talk given at Timpanogos Cave Camp, American Fork Canyon on August 3, 1941.

I can visualize now, the many gatherings in the family circle, sitting in front of the old fire place "back in Old Wales;" chatting and singing together those beautiful melodies of by-gone days. Home!

It apparently seemed that Isaac Robert had a sister who was very religiously inclined, and was affiliated with one of the protestant churches. But Isaac did not belong to any church, which grieved her very much. So she said to him one day--"Isaac why don't you affiliate yourself with some Church?" "I don't like to see you go on this way."

Father replied--"Well, I don't believe in any of them, and further-more, I have made some investigation and study by reading the scriptures, and I have come to the conclusion that the church of Christ is not upon the earth as it was organized by Him and his disciples," and added and said, "There is only one religion, and set of people that comes near advocation the doctrine of the Church of Christ."

"And, who are they?" inquired his sister.

"The Latter-day Saints," responded Isaac. Whereupon his sister was decidedly shocked, for these people were held in such derision.

Finally, she said, "Why don't you join them?"

Isaac replies, "Maybe sometime I will."

In later years, father had occasion to move his family where he could be close to his work, and incidentally, they became neighbors to a Latter-day Saint family by the name of William and Margaret Jones. Brother Jones was a very sickly man, and had been confined to his bed for a considerable length of time. My Father visited with him on several occasions, and during that time, conversations of a religious nature took place, and naturally, questions were being asked by Father in respect to the religion of the Latter-day Saints, and in fact, it almost led to him being converted to Mormonism.

Father related, in a humorous way of an incident which happened to him one morning while on his way to work. It was quite early in the morning and very dark. As he walked along he was in deep meditation over the conversation of the night before with Brother Jones. He had to cross a bridge over a canal and instead of the bridge he took the shadow and received an unconditional baptism. Mr. Jones told Father that the experience was quite providential and that he'd better apply for baptism. In a short time after this, Father finally came into the church.

A prepared speech given by Taliesin T. Evans at the Evans Reunion on Sunday August 3, 1941, at Timpanogos Cave Camp, American Fork Canyon, Utah.

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The subject that has been allotted to me is--"Why we should be proud to be of Evans descent; describe their talents, and their accomplishments.

And that subject applies to all families in the making of family history, but inasmuch as this particular family is the topic now in question, it will become my task to deal with them for the present.

Personally, and I am sure, I shall voice the sentiments of the direct descendants of Isaac Robert and Cathrine Thomas Evans, Viz John Isaac Sr. and Hector T. Evans, in the fact that we are proud that we came through the loins of such noble parentage. And as I view it, every son and daughter should have that same respect for their parents, and hold them paramount above all other.

So that in attempting to describe the family life in the home of these good people, you will pardon me for being rather egotistic in doing so.

This family consisted of ten boys and no girls; so that the Evans boys were unfortunate in not having a sister, much to the regret of all of them. Therefore, for Mother Evans, the responsibility of the home made it that much more khen for her, and she had to resort for help from the male members of her family.

I can well remember all of us together as one family unit, with the exception of our oldest brother, the late William T. Evans, who to my recollection was then married, and I don't recollect of that taking place.

It is not my purpose to exagerate the traits and characteristics of the members of this family, but like all family groups, each one had their own personality and initiative. But in the main, due to the wonderful influence, and guidance of kind parents, and by virtue of their precept and examples, this family group of stalwart boys exhibited much love and affection for each other. (I will pause here by way of explanation to say that we were seven boys living, but three died in infancy.)

I can visualize now, the many gatherings in the family circle, sitting in front of the old fire place "back in Old Wales;" chatting and singing togther those beautiful melodies of by-gone days. Home! What a sacred name. And quoting from Goethe in Faust the following lines--

"The air grows chill, the mists descend:
'Tis in the evening first our home we prize--
Why stank you thus, and gaze with wondering eyes?
When in the gloom thus moves you?"

It seemed that each one of this family inherited a native talent, hence the Evans family were noted for their musical ability. Both in vocal and instrumental.

Isaac Robert and Cathrine Thomas Evans, were leading characters in the Choirs of their native land "Wales" thus, Father Evans was the leading Basso, and Mother Evans the leading soprano. So you see the children came by it honestly.

From a literary standpoint, Father Evans was a poet of the Peerless type; as this was the title given him from Authorative source Viz "Peralaw" a Welsh derivation meaning "A Peerless Bard", or Poet. In one of his meritarious compositions at a competitive gather in Wales, he nearly won the first prize, which, if he had won, would have Crowned him the chief Bard of Wales, a distinction which went only to those of a very high standing of poetic ability and of rare gifts.

So much has been said of the musical ability of this family, that it has eversha dowed other talents that they possessed Viz the Dramatic Art.

I have had occasion to contact people of my generation who are now in their seventies and eighties, who have related to me of their recollection of the wonderful dramatic performances given by the Evans boys and Company, and starting that they were of a professional type in many respects, and how they were thrilled with those entertainments, also commented on the combination, thus we were both able to play on the stage and also take part in the orchestra.

Before the disaster at Winter Quarters, where 200 men lost their live, David T. Evans was our dramatic manager and guide, a man that was much gifted with dramatic talent; his humorous sketches on the stage are much talked of today by men of that generation. Here are some titles--

"Still they come, Uncles and Cousins, and Aunts by the dozens, but still they come, still they come, there's nothing but trouble for me etc.—"

"Mike McCarthy died last night, of course we had a wake, all of us was friends of Mike so of course was there etc.—"

"Oh, Mrs. O'Flarity, what did you mean by that? Oh, Mrs. O'Flarity you've sat down upon my hat, that was the hat me father wore, what did you mean to do, tis lucky for you that you ain't a man, or I'd wipe the floor with you. etc.—"

In later years, after the explosion, Hector T. Evans carried on the good work. and his record down in the County of Emery, has left a wonderful impression among the people of those times, both in the dramatic and the vocal line. Hence he assisted in the operatec performances in connection with the Emery Stake Acedemy under the leadership of Professor John T. Hand, who is now supervisor of operatic work in New York City. Speaking of the Emery Stake Academy, John Isaac Evans Sr. also taught music in the same institut ion. And there is that John Isaac Jr., his fame has been heralded throughout South-Eastern Utah as the wonderful "Boy Singer", that sand on the mountain top in those joint celebrations of Emery and Sanpete Counties. And they inquire thus—"Where is that kid now?" and in answer—"Oh, he is married and has a wife and family, "and as the song goes" "It's still they come" there too.

Hector T. Evans is an Author as well as an actor, thus he has a manuscript of a play in 5 acts, which he composed, and with local talent presented it to the people throughout Emery County; which won him much praise.

Speaking of the religious activities of this family, I had occasion to say something about it at the Evans ~~reuin h~~ reunion held at Aspen Grove 2 years ago and I made special reference to the conversion of Isaac Robert Evans to the fiath of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. And for the benefit of those that were not there at that time, it may be well to relate in brief the circumstance.

It apparently seemed that Isaac Robert had a sister who was very relitiously inclined, and was affiliated with one of the Protestant Churches. But Isaac did not belong to any church, which grieved her very much. So she said to him one day—"Isaac why don't you affiliate yourself with some Church?" "I don't like to see you go on in this way. Father replied—"well, I don't believe in any of them, and further-more, I have made some investigation and study by reading the scriptures, and I have come to the conclusion that the Church of Christ is not upon the earth as it was organized by him and his desciples," and added and siad, "There is only one religion, and set of poeple that comes near advocation the doctrine of the Church of Christ.

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(2)

interesting episode in the lives of the Evans family. Which resulted in the bringing in of all the family into the Church.

It became necessary for the family to move into another mining district, so to better their condition, and there an organization of the Church was established with Father Evans acting as presiding Elder: There we were favored with visits from the missionaries from Utah. And invariably we would join them in holding outdoor meetings on the corner of the streets in that vicinity, and other towns close by. So in this way, our singing would add greatly to the interest of those gatherings. The missionaries in those days encouraged the saints to gather to Zion. So by virtue of those teachings, we began to sense more fully the necessity of emigrating to Utah. So the matter of saving enough money to send one of the family to Utah became one of the main topics.

Reaching the age of 14 years, Taliesin, "The author of this narrative" was now eligible to work at the coal-pit, and money saved from his wages was forwarded to the immigration fund at Liverpool England, the headquarters of the Church in Europe at that time. Finally we got word from the office that there was enough money now accumulated for one fare to Utah; so we held a family council and the late David T. Evans was chosen to go. So in about one year after money came from David, and Richard T. Evans was again chosen to go. Then again David sent for his espoused wife, in the person of Miss Mary Ann Davies, who had been residing with the Evans family for some time. Then in the 1888, the rest of the Evans family immigrated to Utah, sailing on the Old Ship Wisconsin, which took about 11 or 12 days for the journey.

Later on, we assisted the late William T. Evans and family to immigrate to Utah.

Something should be said of the accomplishments of William T. Evans in the vocal line, for he really was the vocal teacher to the Evans family group. As I understand it, he acquired the knowledge of the vocal quite early in his native land(Wales) by attending the musical classes which was given in the evenings. He left a wonderful record in the Pleasant Valley Ward of the Carbon Stake as a choir leader. And I shall always remember the eulogy that was given him by Bishop Thomas J. Parmley at his funeral, hence, he referred to his faithfulness, and his dependability in the discharge of that duty and responsibility placed upon him.

Down in South-Eastern Utah and in the kingdom of Emery County, the name of the late Harry Evans is still ringing in the ears of the old timers in respect to him playing at the dances all through that county, and marvelled at his skill of playing the Flute and Piccolo.

Therefore, from that early episode of the conversion of Isaac Robert Evans to the Church, it has terminated in the greatest blessing to us both in this life, and in the life to come, if we continue on faithful.

When leaving the shores of "Old England", we sand, "with tears in our eyes", the old song, or Mormon Hymn - "O, Babylon, O, Babylon we bid thee farewell, we are going to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell etc.—"

Today, we can all rejoice that we are living in this great land of ours, the land of Promise, the land which God have said that he will protect it against all other lands, or enemies that dare to invade it, if the inhabitants of the land will see to it that they shall serve him and hold steadfast to the Constitution which was inspired of God.

May God grant that we shall all be found worthy to associate with those who have gone before.

——————————GOD BLESS YOU ALL——————————

These two sheets are just for you
to check with me and see that
I am right

Price Utah 6/25/80.

Dates of the deaths of the Isaac Robert Evans Family

Isaac Robert Evans 2May 1901 Wife 24 Aug. 1913 ✓
David Evans 1 May 1900 ✓
Richard Evans 1 May 1900 ✓
William Evans 7 May 1926 ✓
Henry (Harry) Evans 31 Jan. 1938
Taliesin T. Evans 4 Nov. 1944 Wife Emily Evans 4 Apr. 1969 ✓
John Isaac Evans 16 March 1945 ✓
Hector Evans 11 Nov. 1963 ✓

Dear Margaret I am leaving these two sheets
for you to check the following pictures
and Information - with me - please check.

Death Catherine Evans -

Coming as a sweet respite to the intense suffering of the past several years - Mother Catherine Evans past the ripe age of 82 years, last Sunday night August 24, 1913 ~~last~~ received the Call that brought to a close a wonderful and Complete life

Mother Evans was born in Wales in 1831 and twenty five years ago with her husband and family of sturdy boys emgrated to this Country settling in Castle Dale nine years later. Loosing her husband 13 years ago, and two fine sons in the Scofield mine Explosion, she has had her Cross to bear.

Elder Mathew Evans of Lawrence at his talk at the funeral revealed several little stories occuring in the life of the deceased One of which was the incident which led to the Conversion of Brother and Sister Evans. A lad who had planted the same potatoes as had Brother Evans Attributed the better Crops he had to the fact that he asked God's Blessings on the same. Which started Brother Evans to thinking. That lad was Elder Dreff Thomas now of Lawrence. (over)

Taken from the Progress Feb. 4, 1938 -

death - Harry Evans, 78 died Monday evening at the home of his brother Hector in Ogden, of pneumonia following a two weeks' illness. Brother Evans had been in ill health for the past few years, and left Castle Dale last October 1937 1938 for Ogden to stay through the winter with his ~~sister~~. Brother

Harry Evans was one of a family of seven brothers who immigrated to this country in 1857 from Wales. The Brothers who had joined the Latter Day Saints in their native country came to Winter Quarters, now known as Scofield, Utah on their arrival in America. Their parents followed them shortly, coming to Scofield and later to Castle Dale where they resided for many years, and both are buried in Castle Dale Cemetery.

The seven brothers all of ~~whom~~ who were miners, followed this work in Winter Quarters and after eight years of working in the mine at Scofield, Harry Evans moved to Castle Dale in 1896 where he engaged in farming up to a few years ago when ill health forced him to give up such labor.

Brother Evans was never married. He is survived by three brothers

Isaac Robert Evans Family

Isaac Robert Evans
Born 1 Feb. 1829 at
Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorgan Wls.
Married 20 April 1853
Died 11 Feb. 1901

Catherine Thomas
Born 2 May 1831 at
Abersychan, Mon mths, Engl
married 20 April 1853
Died 24 Aug. 1918.

#1.
William Thomas Evans
Born 10 July 1854 at
abercanaid, Glamorgan, Wls
married 14 May 1877
Mary Ann Lloyd.
Died 7, May, 1926

(Mon)

#4
Henry Thomas Evans
Born 22 may 1860 at
Abercanid, Glamorgn Wales
Died 31 Jan; 1938

#6
David Thomas
Evans
Born 20 Apr 1864 at
Abercanid,
Glamorgn, Wales
married 17 Sept 1887
Mary Ann Davies
died 1 May 1900

#4
Richard Thomas
Evans
Born 13, Sept 1866 at
Abercanaid, Glamorgn.
Wales.
married 2, July 1890
Martha Evans.
died 1 May 1900

more

#9

John Isaac Evans
Born Dec 1868 at
Abercanaid, Dlmrgn,
Wales
married 24 Sept. 1902
Elizabeth Moffett
Ramage
died 16 March 1945

#10

#10 Taliesin Thomas Evans
Born 23 Apr 1871 at
Abercanaid, Dlmrgn, Wls
Married 16 Jan. 1895
Emily Jane Whumpey.
Died 4 Nov. 1944
Wife Emily Evans died 4 April 1969

More.

#11- Hector Thomas Evans
Born 4 May 1874 at
Abercanaid, Glamorgan, Wls
married 19 Dec 1894
(1) Catherine Davies
married 23 Aug 1899
(2) Hannah Braddock
Died 11, Nov. 1963

The following Children died Young
#2 Isaac Evans born 25 Feb 1856 at
Abercanaid, Glamorgan, Wls; died 31 May 1856;

#3- Isaac Evans, born 7 March 1858 at
Abercanaid, Glamorgan, Wls died 13 Jan 1859;

#5 Richard Evans, born 21 Feb 1863 at
~~#5~~ R Abercanaid, Glamorgan, Wls died
23 May 1863. #7- Richard Evans,
born abt 1865 at Abercanaid, Glamorgan,
Wls.

printed July 1969.

ISAAC ROBERT EVANS FAMILY

Isaac Robert Evans
Born 1 Feb 1829 at
Merthyr Tydfil, Glmgn, Wls
Married 20 Apr 1853
Died 11 Feb 1901

Catherine Thomas
Born 2 May 1831 at
Abersychan, Mnmths, Engl
Married 20 Apr 1853
Died 24 Aug 1913

#1 William Thomas Evans
Born 10 July 1854 at
Abercanaid, Glmrgn, Wls
Married 14 May 1877
Mary Ann Lloyd

#4 Henry Thomas Evans
Born 22 May 1860 at
Abercanaid, Glmrgn, Wls
unmd

#6 David Thomas Evans
Born 20 Apr 1864 at
Abercanaid, Glmrgn, Wls
Married 17 Sep 1887
Mary Ann Davis

#8 Richard Thomas Evans
Born 13 Sep 1866 at
Abercanaid, Glmrgn, Wls
Married 2 July 1890
Martha Evans

#9 John Isaac Evans
Born 31 Dec 1868 at
Abercanaid, Glmrgn, Wls
Married 24 Sep 1902
Elizabeth Moffett Ramage

#10 Taliesin Thomas Evans
Born 23 Apr 1871 at
Abercanaid, Glmrgn, Wls
Married 16 Jan 1895
Emily Jane Whimpey

#11 Hector Thomas Evans
Born 4 May 1874 at
Abercanaid, Glmrgn, Wls
Married 19 Dec 1894
(1) Catherine Davies
Married 23 Aug 1899
(2) Hannah Braddock

The following children died young: #2 Isaac Evans, born 25 Feb 1856 at Abercanaid, Glmrgn, Wls, died 31 May 1856; #3 Isaac Evans, born 7 Mar 1858 at Abercanaid, Glmrgn, Wls, died 13 Jan 1859; #5 Richard Evans, born 21 Feb 1863 at Abercanaid, Glmrgn, Wls, died 23 May 1863; #7 Richard Evans, born abt 1865 at Abercanaid, Glmrgn, Wls

The Article below was printed in the Improvement Era, Volume 27, page 1054.

A Prophecy and its Fulfilment

BY BISHOP TALIESIN EVANS

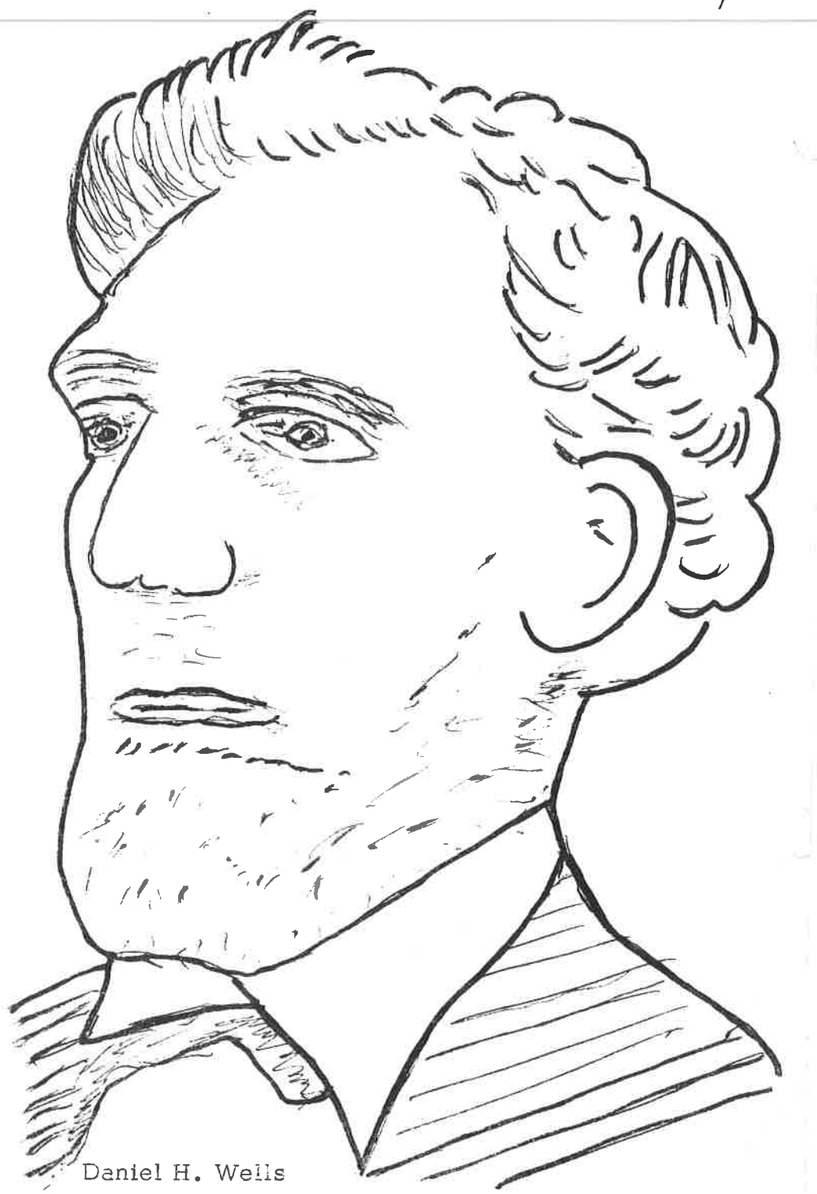
The good book says, "that not a jot nor a tittle" of God's word shall fall to the ground unfulfilled.

Back in the 80's when Daniel H. Wells presided over the European mission, myself in connection with my father and mother and the rest of the family, attented a conference at Merthyr-Tydvil, at that time the headquarters of the mission in Wales; President Wells came down from Liverpool, England, and, as I remember now, he was becoming very feeble with age and poor health. The Evans family furnished the singing for the conference, President Wells was very much impressed with our singing, and walking down from the platform he placed his hand on my head and uttered these words, "My dear little brother, you have a beautiful voice, and in fact the singing of the family has been an inspiration to our conference; you shall have the privilege of singing in our great Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, Utah." I was about thirteen years old and you can imagine the thrill that went through me when that man of God uttered those prophetic words. From that time until the fulfilment of the prophecy, which was years after, I wondered many times how that was going to come to pass, for I always looked forth to this as a special privilege.

In 1902, I was requested, by Prof. Henry E. Giles, to sing a solo with chorus at the Welsh Reunion, at Saltair Beach. The next day after the Reunion, Prof. Giles gave an organ recital in the Tabernacle for the benefit of the Welsh people, who had come from many quarters of the state, including Carbon county. I had no idea that I was to sing again at the recital; however, in walking up the aisle, Prof. Giles hailed me; one of my brothers remarked to the other, as I turned back, and said, "The prophecy of Daniel H. Wells will be fulfilled in Taliesin to-day, for I am sure Prof. Giles will want him to sing." And such was the case. In addition I will say that President Wells also prophecied during the meeting, and, as I can remember, every word came true. God's word never fails.

I submit these few lines in hopes they will be faith-promoting to many of our young people.

Sunnyside, Utah



Daniel H. Wells